

LATEST HOLLYWOOD HAPPENINGS

MOVIE CLASSIC

MARCH

10
CENTS

In Canada
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Want July 4, 1933
June, Aug. 1933*

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NO
MARRIAGE
FOR ME"
AY
TEN WOMEN STARS



Jeanette
MacDonald

SPECIAL FEATURES IN THIS MONTH'S TABLOID NEWS SECTION

PN 1945
M 744

It's hard for a Hungry citizen



to be a Good

CITIZEN

THE boy whose stomach is empty cannot be expected to do good work at school. Babies undernourished through another winter may be handicapped by frail bodies through life. The hungry father of a hungry family is hardly the man to seek employment with persistence, or to do well on the job when he gets it.

Before you can save a man's soul it is often necessary to feed his body. You have no right to expect the civic virtues of patience, courage and honesty from starving, freezing men and women. If they preserve a just attitude towards the laws of the city in which they live, it is a miracle.

This winter, as never before, it is the duty of all who are well-clad, well-housed, and well-fed to help the less fortunate. The fact that you gave last year, and the year before, does not lessen your responsibility. The fact that you cannot afford a large contribution must not deter you. The upturn of business with a gradual improvement of economic conditions does not remove the crisis of this moment. Emergency appropriations by the federal government amount to \$300,000,000, but they meet only half the increased national needs for human relief.

The rest is up to you!

How will your dollars be used? First of all, they will feed the hungry, and relieve the absolute want of the unemployed.

They will be used, also, to take care of the sick and aged. They will help to maintain hospitals, orphanages and schools. They will make possible clinics and visiting nurses.

The dollars you give are invested in the forces of civilization right in your community!

WELFARE AND RELIEF MOBILIZATION, 1932

The Welfare and relief Mobilization for 1932 is a cooperative national program to reinforce local fund-raising for human welfare and relief needs. No national fund is being raised; each community is making provisions for its own people; each community will have full control of the money it obtains.

Give through your established welfare and relief organizations, through your community chest, or through your local emergency relief committee.

Newton D. Baker

Newton D. Baker, Chairman, National Citizens' Committee

This winter, as never before, support your local Community Campaign

WHAT A FOOL SHE IS!



*She Gets a Lovely Wave . . .
Forgets Her Teeth and Gums . . .
and she has "pink tooth brush"!*

THIS girl is wise to take excellent care of her hair. But isn't she foolish *not* to take good care of her teeth and gums! To pass inspection—you *must* have healthy gums and bright teeth.

"Pink" upon your tooth brush is an indication of too-tender gums. And this bleeding of the gums threatens the sparkle and soundness of your

teeth—and the charm of your smile!

For "pink tooth brush" may not only lead to serious troubles of the gums—gingivitis, Vincent's disease, and pyorrhea—but it endangers the *good-looks* of your teeth.

Ipana and Massage defeat "Pink Tooth Brush"

Keep your gums firm and healthy—and your teeth clean and bright with Ipana and massage.

Restore to your gums the stimula-

tion they need, and of which they are robbed by the soft modern food that gives them so little natural work. Each time you clean your teeth with Ipana, rub a little more Ipana directly on your gums, massaging gently with your finger or the tooth brush.

Start it tomorrow. Buy a full-size tube. Follow the Ipana method and your teeth will shine brighter, your gums will be firmer than they've been since you were a child . . . "Pink tooth brush" will depart.

IPANA



BRISTOL-MYERS CO., Dept. II-33
73 West Street, New York, N. Y.


Kindly send me a trial tube of IPANA TOOTH PASTE. Enclosed is a three-cent stamp to cover partly the cost of packing and mailing.

Name.....

Street.....

City..... State.....

A Good Tooth Paste, Like a Good Dentist, Is Never a Luxury



Kaspa, The Lion-Man, played
by the world's most perfectly
formed male, Buster Crabbe,
1932 Olympic Swimming
Champion

"KING OF THE JUNGLE"

with
FRANCES DEE • BUSTER CRABBE
SYDNEY TOLER • IRVING PICHEL

Warm romance and grand spectacle spun into a tale of
daring thrills—performed by the most perfectly built
man on the screen—the Lion-Man—embattled Man-King of
Beasts—brought to civilization in a cage only to discover
himself a man—in the arms of a woman he learned to love.
A picture that swings its action across two continents.

Paramount



Pictures

PARAMOUNT PUBLIX CORPORATION, ADOLPH ZUKOR.

PRES., PARAMOUNT BLDG., NEW YORK

MOVIE CLASSIC

VOL. 4 No. 1

MARCH, 1933



Jeanette MACDONALD is plotting a Surprise

You won't see Jeanette as Chevalier's leading lady in "A Bedtime Story." (Helen Twelvetrees will have the rôle.) Because Jeanette has gone abroad for what looks like a long, long stay. And besides going places on a concert tour, she's planning to do things to surprise you.

Yes, she may turn her trip into a honeymoon with Robert Ritchie, her manager. But that wouldn't surprise anyone, considering that they have been engaged about five years. The Mayor of Cannes "kept the key and gave her the city"—and now she's going to make a film in France.

But it won't be "just another movie." Ernst Lubitsch, who has directed her with Chevalier, will cross the ocean to direct—and if the rumors are correct, Jeanette will go dramatic!

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COVER DRAWING OF JEANETTE MacDONALD BY MARLAND STONE

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MOVIE CLASSIC comes out on the 10th of every Month

Movie Classic's Letter Page

Each month, MOVIE CLASSIC gives Twenty, Ten and Five Dollar Prizes for the Three Best Letters published on this page

Become a Critic—Give Your Opinion—Win a Prize

Here's your chance to tell the movie world—through MOVIE CLASSIC—what phase of the movies most interests you. Advance your ideas, your appreciations, your criticisms of the pictures and players. Try to keep within 200 words. Sign your full name and address. We will use initials if requested. Address Letter Page, MOVIE CLASSIC, 1501 Broadway, New York City

\$20.00 Letter

Real Acting by Colman in "Cynara"

Once in a blue moon the movie fan sees an unpretentious but memorable film the appealing simplicity of which restores his faith in motion pictures as a fine medium of dramatic art.

Being rather fed up with sexy and showy productions vaunting everything from the ludicrous to the grotesque, I more than rejoiced in seeing the beautifully simple and poignant picture, "Cynara."

Every married couple should see "Cynara" and profit by its tragic but moving story of marital transgression, understanding and forgiveness.

Ronald Colman deserves unstinted praise for turning in a dignified and restrained performance in the rôle of the erring husband—a rôle that might have easily ruined the exquisite tempo of the picture had it been over-played in sexy fashion. No eye-rolling and chest-heaving in Mr. Colman's acting, thank goodness. His acting on the witness stand at the coroner's inquest was reminiscent of the late Jeanne Eagel's powerful courtroom scene in "The Letter," not through any personal comparison but rather in technique of genuinely warm and poignantly true dramatic form. It was real drama, not synthetic Hollywood hysterics.

A perfect picture—"Cynara"—in story treatment, dramatic interpretation and picture enjoyment.

MRS. R. E. JOHNSON, Ludlow, Ky.

\$10.00 Letter

"Trouble in Paradise" a Delightful Film

I don't like comedies and I don't care for blondes but I just saw "Trouble in Paradise" and I adored every foot of the picture and Miriam Hopkins simply swept me away in each of her sweet little tantrums. Kay Francis is always alluring and superbly dressed and she did not disappoint me. Ruggles or Horton either is a circus, but as a team they are incomparable. It was my introduction to Herbert Marshall and I liked him mightily but don't know why.

Congratulations to Lubitsch for a work of art. It is a positive joy from the first strains of that lovely melody introducing it, to the bright little taxi scene which closes it. I have never heard a more perfect musical score. Just wanted to trip up and down those graceful stairs with Herbert Marshall to that "skippy" tune.

Every scene was a perfect picture. The love scene in the mirror. Kay returning at eleven. Miriam and Herbert's first dinner. The house seemed Kay Francis' natural setting. Tall, happy Kay. How bravely she said farewell to her charming romance.

One could not help following the mental gymnastics of the portly basso butler.

Lubitsch, I am sure, must take greater delight in a shadow on a wall than in the thing itself. Thanks to a director who credits his audience with powers of imagination. THELMA VAUGHN, Denver, Col.



When more letters are written to movie stars, Clark Gable and Jimmy Durante will receive them. Schnozzle's public is "mortified" to hear he has gone back to Broadway for four months

\$5.00 Letter

"Red Dust" Really Worth Seeing

Chalk up another big hit for Clark Gable and Jean Harlow in "Red Dust," one of the most entertaining pictures of the past year. I don't know whether they were born to co-star or not, as their producers claim, but I do know that they certainly do burn up the screen when they turn on the heat.

Gable has shed his misfit minister's togs and is rightly portrayed in the whiskers and rough stuff; who takes what he wants when he wants it; the characterization that has made him the big hit he is. Jean Harlow's rôle, a wise-cracking woman of the tropics, was made to order for her. Of course, while "Red Dust" is not a Sunday School picture, it is a sure-fire movie formula for bringing in the shekels.

If anybody missed "Red Dust" the first time and wants a dish of emotional chili

served red hot, they had better put the children to bed and catch it on the rebound when it comes back to their ten-cent theatres.

MINETTE HARRIS, Charlotte, N. C.

Movies Have Helped Us Forget

During a period in which people have been shunted to the brink of despair—the depression years—motion pictures have served perhaps better than any other one factor to make life worth the living.

Thousands, perhaps millions, have had to change their scale of living, many being compelled to eke out a mere hand-to-mouth existence. Countless people have been forced to forego expensive entertainments—high-priced dinner dances, playing host to friends at various functions, vacation tours; luxurious homes have been given up, with fortunes lost. Many rich folk have been reduced to paupers; the poor have become poorer.

It is a delight to move up the economic ladder. But it is trying indeed to have to descend. So mankind has sought relief from trouble and worry. In most cases, though, funds for respite from harassing care have been quite limited.

Thank God for the movies—they have provided the sanity-saving diversion, often the inspiration, that mankind can afford and has so sorely needed in the most trying days within the recollection of people living today.

FLOYD CASEBOLT, Waxahachie, Tex.

Clara Came Back and Made Good

Not so long ago the movie world read the unwelcome news of Clara Bow's voluntary retirement from the silver screen. And again the old question arose: Would Clara Bow go the way of all stars? . . . Slowly but surely dropped into oblivion . . . soon to be forgotten? Her legion of admirers cried no, but not without apprehension, for perhaps they recalled that terrible phrase, "they never come back!"

Suddenly, out of a sea of new faces and new personalities, the radiant face of Clara Bow reappears. The girl who nationalized the word IT and whose personality fired the world with its intensity "came back." And call her what you will, she's the old Clara Bow. For underneath her magnetic appearance, svelte and sweet, the famous personality glistens, undimmed. And what a tribute the public has accorded her in these times of pressure, when an economical choice of movies is a vital necessity. They went to see Clara, not a picture. The girl whose personality and sincere dramatic work stood out in good and bad pictures, did not fail them. The public will never forget Clara Bow.

RUDOLPH G. JORGENSEN, Stoughton, Wis.

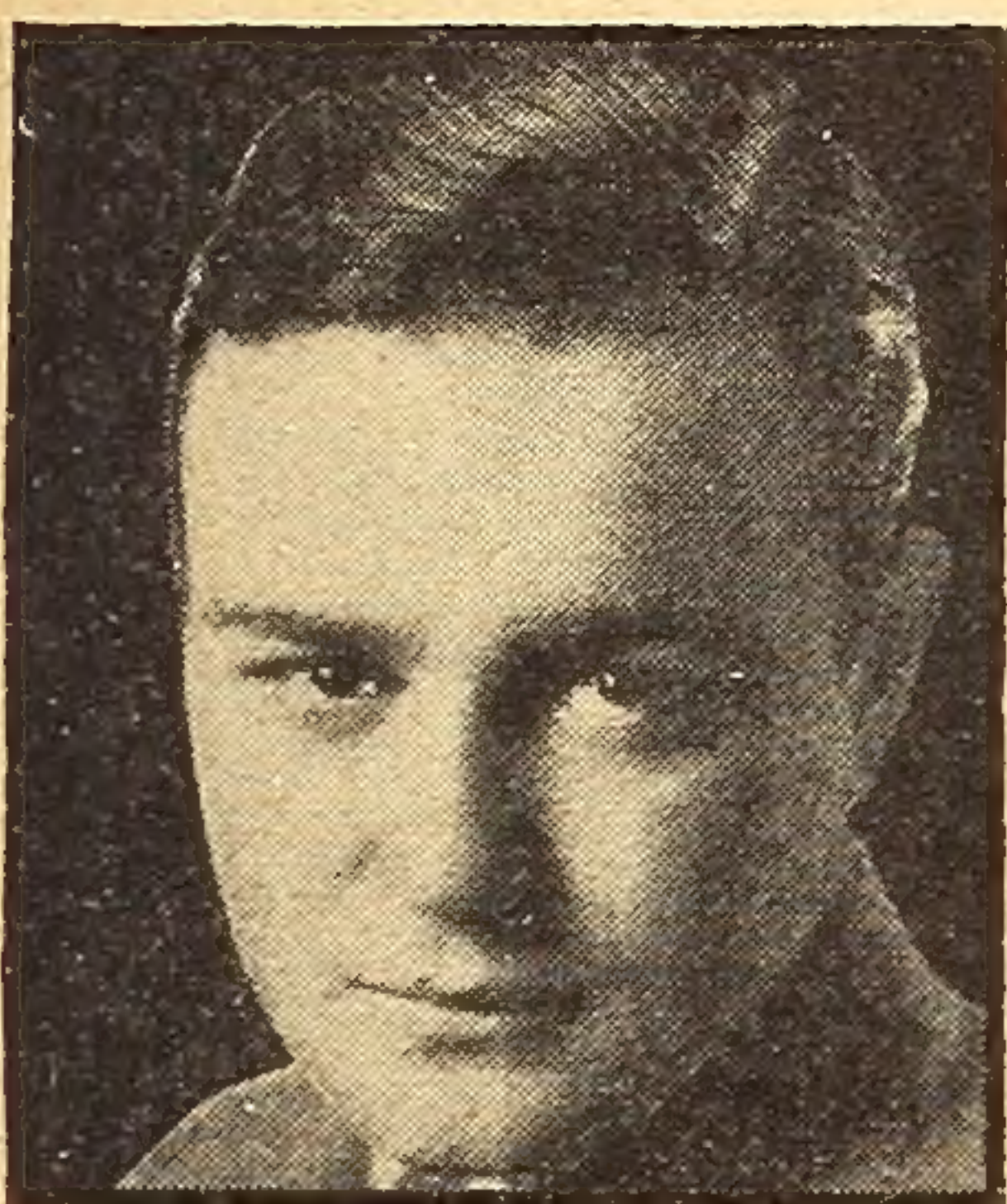
Hollywood's Roll of Honor

AND ALL OF THEM IN



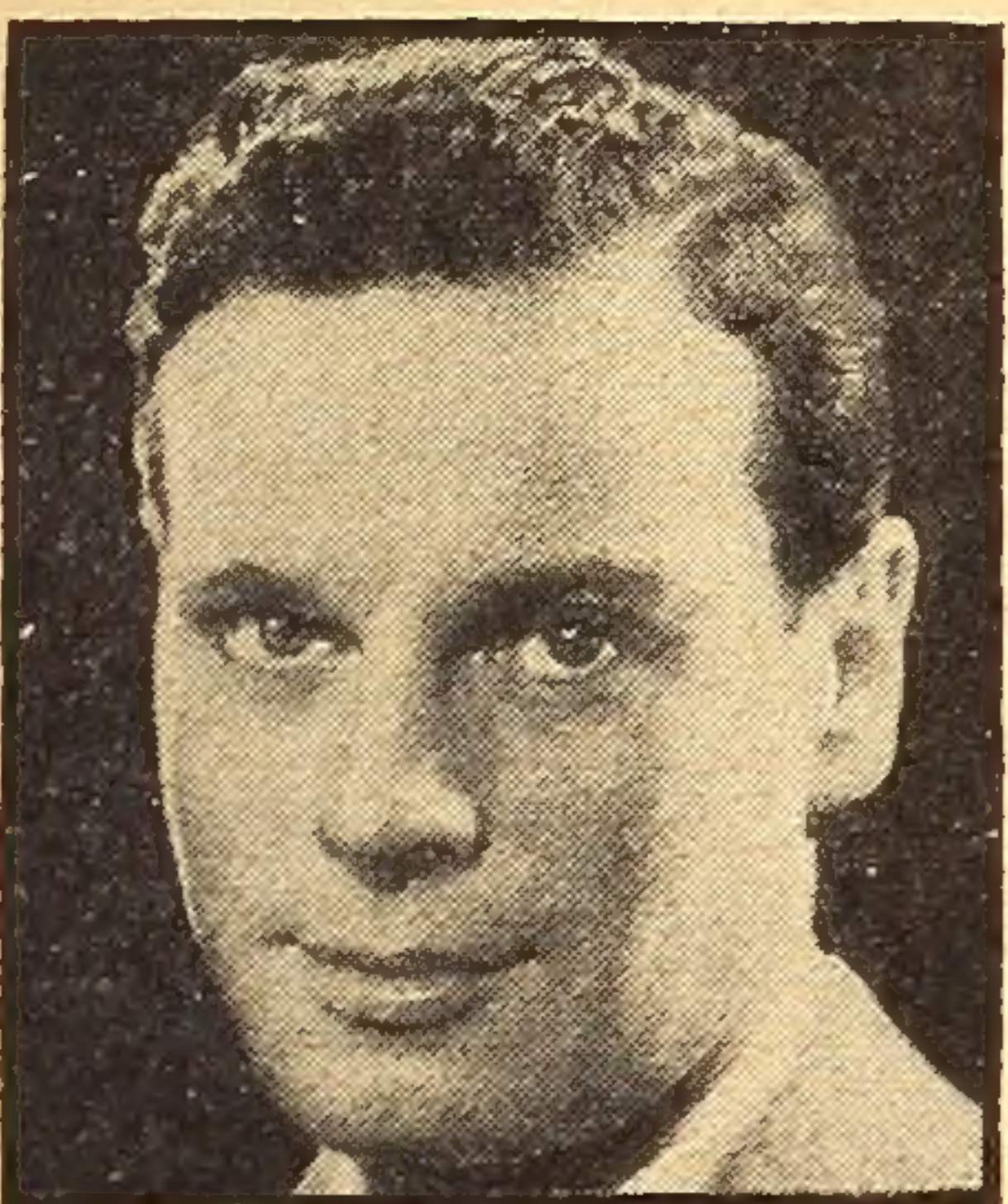
**JANET
GAYNOR**

as "Margy Frake"
who falls in love
with "Pat Gilbert"
(Lew Ayres).



**LEW
AYRES**

as "Pat Gilbert,"
reporter, and
Margy's sweet-
heart.



**NORMAN
FOSTER**

"Wayne Frake,"
son of Abel, who
falls for "Emily
Joyce" (Sally Eilers).



**FRANK
CRAVEN**

the storekeeper,
a dour country
philosopher.

**S
T
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E**

**F
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R**

**FOX
PICTURE**



**WILL
ROGERS**

as "Abel Frake"
father of Margy
and owner of
"Blue Boy".



**SALLY
EILERS**

as "Emily Joyce,"
a performer at
the fair.



**LOUISE
DRESSER**

as "Melissa Frake"
mother of Margy
and Wayne.



**VICTOR
JORY**

Barker for the
Hoopla Stand at
the "State Fair."

• Another sensational screen treat from FOX. Phil Stong's best seller, "State Fair" — the novel that millions are talking about — with these eight popular screen stars in the leading roles, is already being hailed as one of the outstanding hits of

1933. Whether you read the book or not, here is ONE PICTURE EVERYONE WILL WANT TO SEE!

•
A HENRY KING Production

BETWEEN OURSELVES

NOEL COWARD, who ought to be knighted for writing "Cavalcade," cabled an old friend in London: "I have just seen the 'Cavalcade' picture, and it is quite unbelievably good. They have adhered strictly to the play, and it really is a glorious achievement in every respect."

Rare words from an author about a picture version of his story—but even so, it seems to me, Mr. Coward is a master of understatement. In my mind, there are only two talkies which, in their dramatic sweep and panoramic study of human emotions, can compare with "Cavalcade"—namely, "All Quiet on the Western Front" and "Cimarron." And I suspect that "Cavalcade" will have greater universal appeal than either.

"Cavalcade" proves a number of things. It proves that the screen *can* keep the spirit of a great play, and can even enlarge upon it with the mobility of the camera. It

Once in a blue moon of searching tirelessly for the right an unpretentious but memorable instead of trying to fit a rôle to a appealing simplicity of which is that money spent to make set-dramatic art. hentic is not money wasted. It

Being rather fed up with snst a background of history can productions vaunting everytma, both sensational and moody, ludicrous to the grotesque, with suspense. It proves that the rejoiced in seeing the beautif of the play, were wrong in fearing

Every married couple shc Americanize it; Hollywood uni-ara" and profit by its tragade" justifies Hollywood's claim story of marital transgressio inment capital of the world."

Ronald Colman deserves u
AND "Cavalcade" also proves that Diana Wynyard, who plays *Jane Marryot*, is one of the greatest discoveries of recent Hollywood history. Her distinction does not lie in her being a sensation; it lies, rather, in her being *real*—so real that you forget she is acting. And that, I submit, is the highest achievement of any acting. I can think of no other woman on the screen to-day who could have given such an inspired performance as the wife and mother whose bravery and idealism, expressing the finest emotions of women the world over, are the hope of the world to-day. You will find an illuminating character study of Miss Wynyard in this issue of MOVIE CLASSIC.

THE natural question for anyone to ask, after seeing "Cavalcade," is: "Why doesn't Hollywood turn out more hauntingly memorable pictures like this?" But let's not ask too much. Let's be thankful that we have "Cavalcade," at least.

However, incurable optimist that I am, I scan the movie horizon and seem to see a new and brighter day dawning. Certainly, the old movie year went out and the new has come in with what approaches a burst of glory. Consider what the producers have given you, not only in "Cavalcade," but in "A Farewell to Arms," "Rasputin and the Empress," "20,000 Years in Sing Sing," "Silver Dollar," "Cynara," "State Fair," "The Big Cage," "The Animal Kingdom" and "42nd Street."

MOVIE theatres on Broadway are putting on bigger stage shows along with their pictures and slashing their prices, in a frantic effort to win more customers. One big theatre, which was called a "cinema cathedral" a few years ago, now advertises "smoking in the balcony" in its appeal for patronage. The competition is reaching feverish proportions, with each theatre trying to outdo the one up the street in seeing how many vaudeville, radio and stage names it can crowd onto its programs. And the neighborhood theatres get the business!

Movie showmanship, on the main stems of the big cities, has reached a hysterical state. One big Broadway house recently went into the hands of the receivers; another recently closed. They just can't stand the pace. Advertising and publicity departments work feverishly to drum up public enthusiasm about the "personal appearance" acts. And still the crowds stroll by. Maybe Barnum wasn't right, after all. Maybe the good old American does know what it wants—and wants to go to the movies to see movies, good movies, and nothing else but. What's your guess?

I WONDER if the censors' doomsday is at hand? What prompts this question is the recent get-together of a dozen or more national women's societies for the purpose of telling American families which movies are the ones to see. Picked representatives of each society preview the new pictures, and the list of pictures okayed by them is passed on to the members of their respective groups. Thus the pictures they approve get some tremendous free advertising, and the membership is to take for granted that those pictures not on the list aren't worth bothering about.

This is the intelligent way of discouraging tawdry, objectionable films. Censorship doesn't do it, and never will. But if objectionable films are let severely alone, without getting any of the publicity that censorship always seems to generate, it won't pay anyone to make them. And the first list of the new "previewers" is very liberal. The only danger in the new scheme, as I see it, is that producers will think of the women in the audience first, and the men last. And that would be just too bad. For men seldom like feminized stories, but very often women like red-blooded, he-man pictures!

HOT on the trail of the news that Marlene Dietrich is going back to Germany to make pictures comes the news that Senator Copeland has drawn up a bill which, if enacted into law, will ban foreign actors and actresses, except those of the first rank, from these shores. Young, unknown hopefuls from abroad will just be out of luck.

It doesn't seem to me that such a measure will create any more good will for America abroad than has the English law banning unknown American players created for England. And we can stand a little international good will right now. The unanswerable argument against the Copeland bill is that, if it had been law a few years ago, we should never have had a Garbo or a Chaplin or a Colman or a Mary Pickford or a Shearer. They were all unknowns when they came. And look at what they have given us! Just as much, certainly, as we have given them. And, too, they have done their bit for America in making American movies the world's favorites.

And who knows when another Garbo or another Chaplin will come through Ellis Island? Instead of trying to keep out ambitious alien players who won't find work here unless they are talented 'in which case they will deserve it' why doesn't the government get busy and deport a few gangsters, who are giving America the worst advertising it has had in its history?

Larry Reid

The SUPREME ROMANTIC THRILL of all time
comes at last to the TALKING SCREEN!



The star of "Son-Daughter"
"Farewell to Arms" and
"Madelon Claudet" won
highest acting honors of
the past year! In her new
role co-starred with
Clark Gable, she chal-
lenges the film world
for this prize again!

HELEN
HAYES

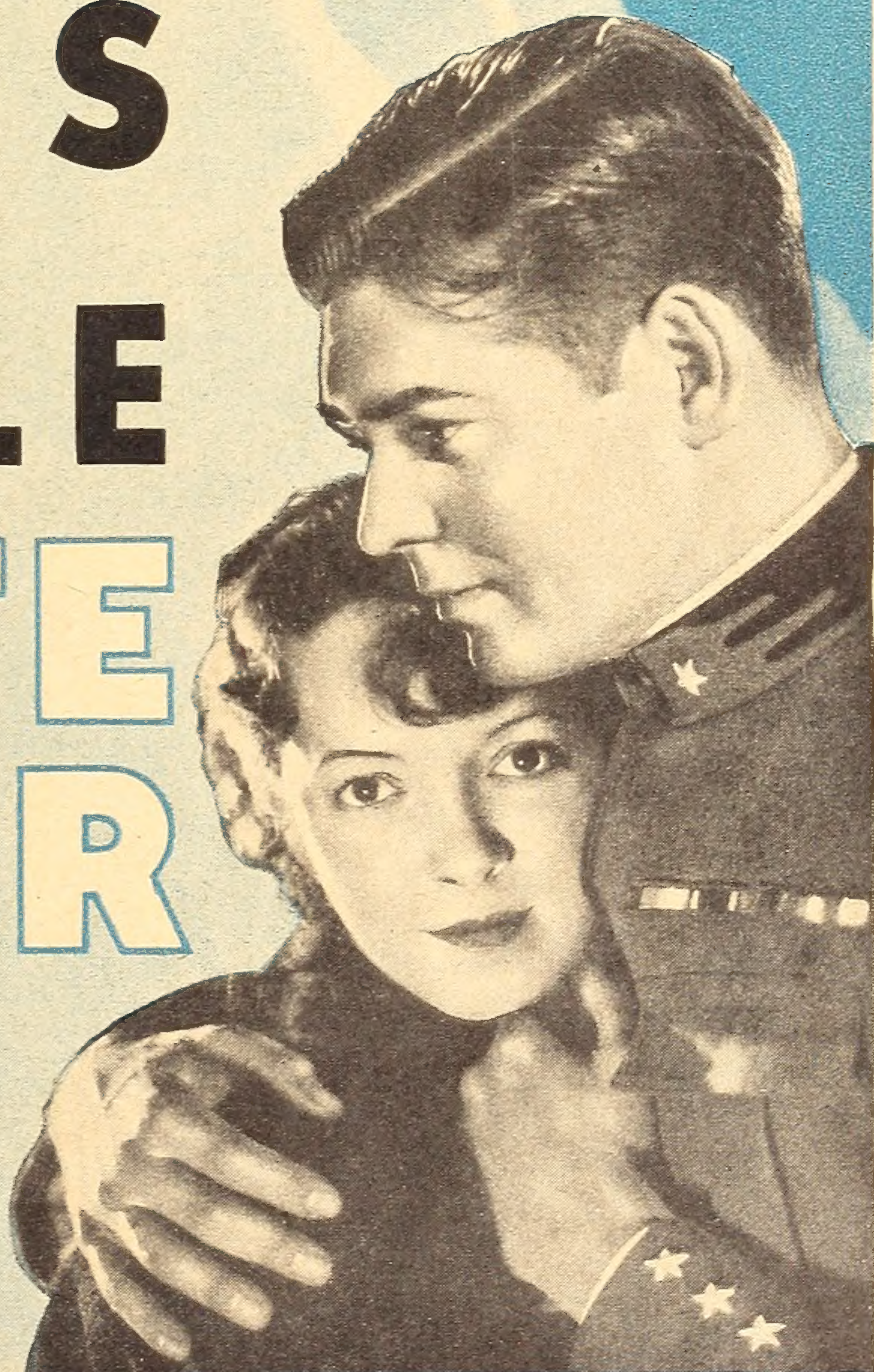
CLARK
GABLE

IN

The **WHITE
SISTER**

How fitting that M-G-M, producers of the
screen's best, should bring to life on the talk-
ing screen the thrills, the grandeur, the soul-
stabbing romance of F. Marion Crawford's
love drama! Helen Hayes, Clark Gable to-
gether! A picture to watch for!

With Richard Bennett, Louise Closser Hale, C. Henry Gordon.
Screen play by Donald Ogden Stewart, directed by Victor Fleming.



METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER

STRICTLY PERSONAL

MOVIE CLASSIC'S INTIMATE SKETCHES OF WHO'S WHO IN HOLLYWOOD

By MARK DOWLING



GLENDIA FARRELL: An Enid, Oklahoma lass who made good. Plays hard-boiled wenches on the screen and is shy and timid in real life. Another divorcée, she lives with her eight-year-old son, Tommy. The boy-friend is Allan Jenkins. Fainted when she saw the Monster in "Wax Museum." And she was playing a brash girl who feared nothing. That's Hollywood! Address: Burbank.

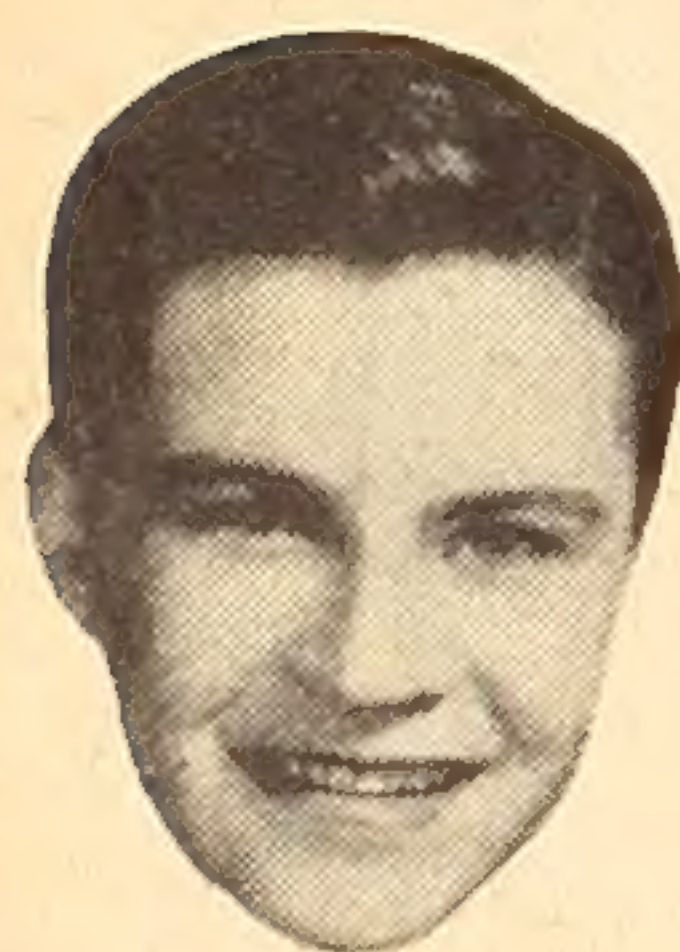


JOHN BARRYMORE: Five feet ten. Weighs 150. One of the invincible Barrymore tribe. Says he believes chastity the most exciting attribute a young person can possess. Well! Once earned his living as a cartoonist. Possesses a biting wit and sometimes makes unprintable wisecracks, but really prefers tripping on his yacht with his wife, Dolores, and their two children. A thoroughly domesticated Don Juan. Address: Beverly Glen.

JOHN BOLES: Six feet one. Weighs 185. Meeting him, you sense a fellow who's devoted to the Missus. Even does the family shopping and carries paper parcels. That's a husband! Good-looking in that dark romantic manner and never once the center of a Hollywood scandal. That's a record! Reads one French book every week and takes a daily singing lesson. Believes, you see, in self-improvement. Address: Fox Hills.



JOAN BENNETT: Youngest of the famous B sisters, but you never hear a "snooty" story about *her*. Competent-young-matron type. Manages her household efficiently and likes having money in the bank. Always travels by airplane. Modern. Decorated her own home in Beverly (did a swell job) and has a daughter, Adrienne. Happily married to writer Gene Markey. Address: Beverly Hills and Malibu.



TOM BROWN: Five feet ten. Weighs 155. A mere lad, yet the nasty gossips insist on Romance. What about Helen Mack, who lives next door? They chat over the back fence. And Phyllis Fraser, the boy's latest flame? It's getting serious. Tom once asked a friend if he should attend a certain party. "Sure it won't be one of those wild Hollywood brawls?" he demanded. A nice kid. Address: Beverly Hills.



MAE CLARKE: Insists her friendships with men are all platonic, but has a score of suitors and is wearing a new diamond ring. Lost her appendix recently and got out of bed two days later. Wears her hair in a boyish bob and looks like her kid brother. Writes cynical verse (who doesn't?) and once dyed a lock of her blonde hair grey—just for the effect. That's how *that* fashion started. Address: Westwood Village.

GENEVIEVE TOBIN: Reddish-brown hair and green eyes. That dangerous combination! An oh-so-sophisticated gal who went to school in Paris and isn't married. Step up, men! On the other hand, her hobby is knitting and she likes being alone. Oh, well. Plays the piano and the harp, (Ah, there, Mr. Marx!) and studied to be an opera singer, but now likes jazz. Address: South Commonwealth Avenue, Los Angeles.



RONALD COLMAN: Five feet eleven. Weighs 155. Hail and farewell to one of our greatest stars! For Ronnie, if he keeps his promise, will be leaving us soon. An honest-to-society gent, he's the first hermit to refuse invitations to parties so gracefully that the hostesses keep on asking. Everyone in town hopes the little spiff with Samuel Goldwyn will be settled amicably and Ronnie will remain. Address: Hollywood Hills.



BENITA HUME: Brown hair and eyes. Lovely teeth. Distinguished-looking. Another member of the English contingent. Has been married, but is free at the moment. Says she came to Hollywood "because an actress can't consider herself famous till she's a real Hollywood star." Mmmm—tact! You'll meet her first in "Clear All Wires." Address: Wilshire Boulevard, Beverly.



PHILLIPS HOLMES: Six feet. Weighs 155. The town's most eligible bachelor. Went to Trinity College, Cambridge, as well as Princeton. The darling of the debbies at the local finishing schools, whom he takes tea-ing. Also can enjoy himself at rowdy Hollywood parties. Some of our best actresses rave over his "Greek God" beauty but he's avoiding romance. Cultured—but carries it well. Address: Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studios.

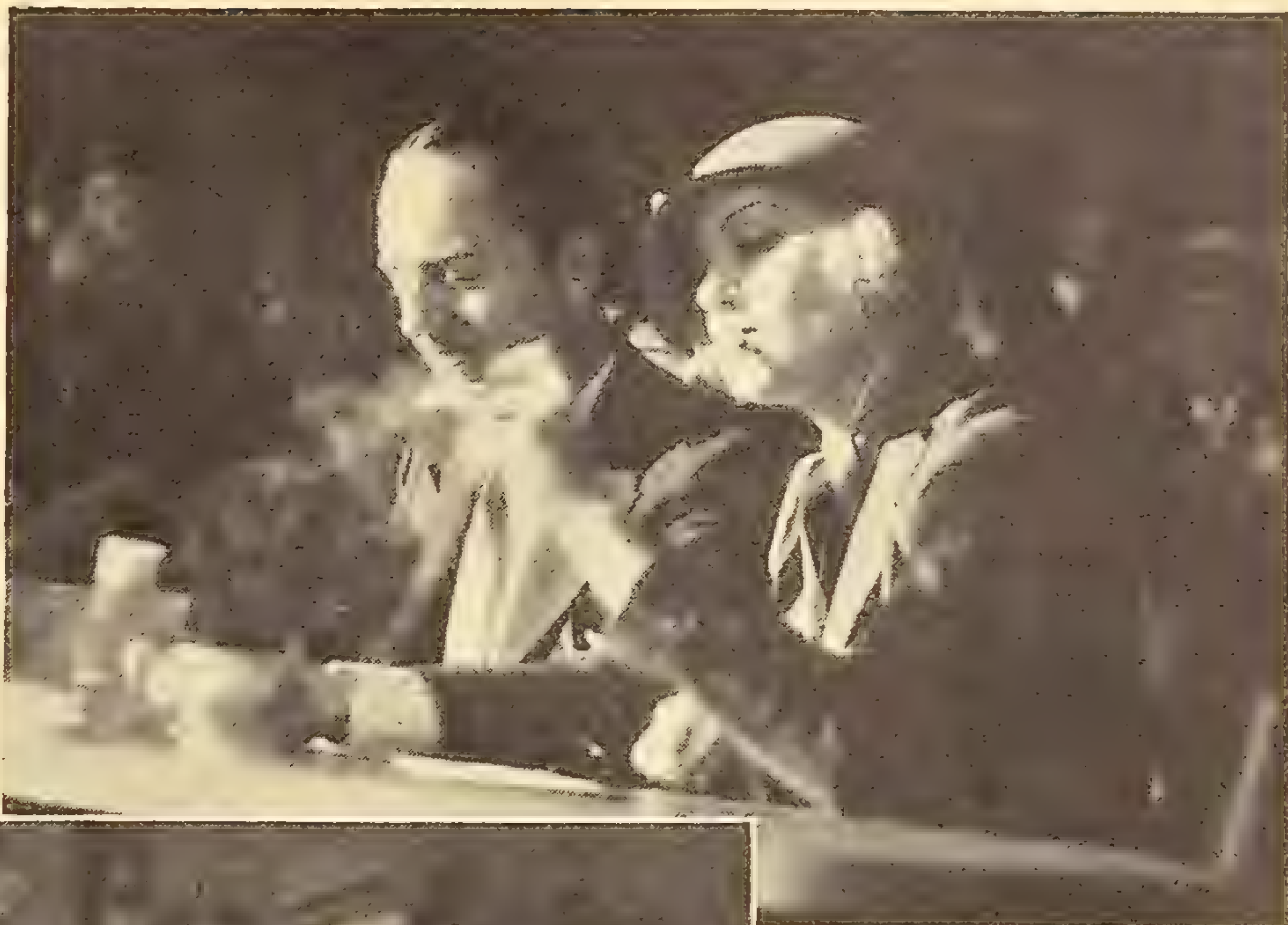
PHILIP MERIVALE: Six feet one. Weighs 170. Sorry, gals, another husband. The frau is Viva Birkett and they have the ideal family—two boys and two girls. Extremely jolly-looking, but has a bit of that British reserve you've heard so much about. Likes motoring and golf, and never reads modern novels. From Broadway, he starts his screen career in "The Passing of the Third Floor Back." Address: Fox Studios.



LORETTA YOUNG: Our most dashing grass widow. The ex is Grant Withers, and the momentary interest, according to rumor, is young Lyle Talbot. Extremely frank about her faults (but there aren't many) and is the only girl in pictures who strives to put on pounds instead of taking them off. Her real name is Gretchen and, believe it or not, she's just twenty! Address: Burbank.



If They Aren't At Palm Springs, They're At Caliente



Acme

Wide World

To Get Away From It All on a wintry week-end, Warren William and his wife (Helen Nelson) go to Palm Springs. Below, you see Warren's horse trying to decide what he'll do if Warren goes cowboy and lifts the gal aboard. Lower right, Hoot Gibson (and where's YOUR horse, Hoot?) takes a stroll with wifey Sally Eilers. Yes, it's warm at Palm Springs!



With wintry breezes howling along Malibu Beach, Constance Bennett and the Marquis de la Falaise (upper left) week-end at Agua Caliente, Mexico, watching the races. (And it looks as if Hank likes ale.) Above, at Agua Caliente also, are William Powell and Carole Lombard. (Shame on you, Bill—why don't you light the lady's ciggie?) Left, watching the horse they bet on walk home, are Alice White and Cy Bartlett, who have been engaged for years and years

Wide World



Acme

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N Our Hollywood E I G H B O R S

GOINGS-ON AMONG THE PLAYERS

By STACY KENT

IN these budding weeks of 1933, when very few people seem to be having much fun, it's nice to know that Douglas Fairbanks is really having a heckuva good time for himself. Somehow, of all the stars who have had a decade and more of success, Doug seems to have breached that difficult gap between youth and middle age with the most grace. He still bounces about, of course, but he doesn't try to make you believe that it is the youthful exuberance of a high-school sophomore. He's just a man of fifty who is as fit as a fiddle—whatever fit as a fiddle may mean.

Best of all, he has learned the trick of combining profitable business with pleasure. By the time you read this Doug will probably again be off for the far places. The big plan, this time, is to film a Chinese historical picture, to be made right in the land of chop suey and with the Chinese government (which one?) lending a helping hand over the rough places. It will take many months to film, and again Pickfair will be without a lord and master. Mary, who doesn't go in for heavy trekking about the globe, will stay at home, put up preserves and entertain the Chinese nabobs that Doug sends over for a visit.

That's really the worst thing about Doug's trips—he DOES bring home some of the DARNDEST guests. And Oriental potentates are going to look pretty funny in that new Wild West bar-room that has just been added to the already numerous salons at Pickfair.

THIS seems to be the big month for announcements of retirement. Maybe it's just because the good people of Hollywood haven't recuperated completely from the New Year's hangover, but a whole flock of starry ones are murmuring "never again"—meaning motion picture appearances—and not that beer we were supposed to have in time for Christmas dinner.

Tom Mix, after more than twenty years of galloping

across celluloid footage, is going to spend his declining years in the more or less peaceful world of the circus.

Ronald Colman, still mad at his boss, Samuel Goldwyn, is taking his quizzical good looks for a two years' vacation in Europe. Folks say that Ronnie doesn't intend to come back, and, my, the American shekels he's taking with him.

Helen Hayes also infers that this may be her last year in pictures, and Marlene Dietrich, so gossip says, will shake the California sand from her shoes and return to Germany. Marlene and Josef von Sternberg will make fillums in Berlin. Of course, you can't very well say that a girl is retiring just because she will make future pictures in Germany, but Marlene's name DOES swell the list.

Lila Lee, about to wed George Hill, the director (see page 33), announces that she will just be the little woman and stop dabbling around with grease-paint.

Somehow, retirement stories never ring true. An actor is like a fire horse that starts running when he hears a bell. Show an actor a camera and see what happens.

Anyway, Garbo is returning. Maybe it will be a good year, after all, for the United States and M-G-M. Or should I have mentioned M-G-M first?

WE think John Darrow's story about the newly rich, and, oh, veddy,

veddy ritzy movie star, is awfully funny.

She was expressing an opinion of her latest picture after a preview showing.

"I think it's a chawming little pictuah," she gurgled, "except that it drug a little."

THERE'S always something to keep Hollywood all hot and bothered. At least it's one compensation for living in a place where the upkeep on your sun-tan costs more than the winter fuel. The latest personality to get the

(Continued on page 72)



Acme

Douglas Fairbanks takes his little boy, Junior, up on the slopes above Lake Arrowhead and gives him a lesson in skiing, before starting on another trip abroad. It's one of those rare pictures of movieland's most famous father and son

A M A G I C N A M E

B L A Z E S A N E W !

Warner Bros. bring you again **THE STANWYCK** THEY TALKED ABOUT in "Night Nurse" and "Illicit"

At last! Her radiant beauty, her throbbing artistry are given the sweep and sway deserved by the most entrancing personality on the screen. See her now in all her seductive glory as a girl who asked all men for love—and tricked them when they offered it! Is she really wicked—or just maddeningly, fatally alluring? Find out in the most startling Stanwyck hit in years!

Barbara



S **TANWYCK** in **"LADIES THEY TALK ABOUT"**

With Preston S. Foster, Lyle Talbot. Directed by Howard Bretherton & William Keighley. Add it to "I Am A Fugitive", "Silver Dollar", "20,000 Years in Sing Sing", and others in the amazing list of hits from

W A R N E R B R O S .

TAKING IN THE TALKIES

LARRY REID'S SLANT ON THE LATEST FILMS



THE SON-DAUGHTER

After seeing Helen Hayes in "A Farewell to Arms," I found this something of a letdown—and singularly old-fashioned. It is a hangover from the "Madame Butterfly"—that is, tragic Oriental girl—era of drama. And the principal impression that it leaves is that Helen is a superb actress in any kind of make-up, including the Chinese. As the flower of old Chinatown, she is in love with a young Chinese prince (Ramon Novarro), but to save her family from ruin, she is put on the auction block to be sold to the highest bidder. Once upon a time, such a situation had tear-wringing possibilities—but long familiarity with it has dulled its sharp emotional edge. The dialogue is of the flowery, stilted variety. And Ramon Novarro, even with his head shaven, is no Chinaman.



20,000 YEARS IN SING SING

A great title, and a good picture. And based on the autobiography of the same name by Warden Lawes of Sing Sing, it tells a vivid prison story that has not been told before on the screen—the story of the advanced prison systems that are designed for correction, as well as punishment. It is a story told by tracing the prison career of a hard-boiled racketeer who enters Sing Sing a swaggerer, turns rebel, and is tamed—simply by the humanity of his captors. A brutal egotist, he learns heroic self-sacrifice—and his story ends on a tragic, memorable note. Spencer Tracy lives this rôle intensely. Bette Davis is touchingly wistful as his girl outside. Arthur Byron, I happen to know, is authentic as the Warden, in this most authentic of all prison pictures.



CAVALCADE

At the top of your list of Pictures That I MUST See, write "Cavalcade." It is one of the great achievements of all movie history—one of those few pictures that you and I will not forget, no matter what our nationality. For the story may be British in setting and mood, but its appeal is world-wide. It is the heart-stirring story of a typical middle-class family, whose patriotism demands that they forget their hatred of war—and is told against a many-colored, merry-and-sad panorama of British history since New Year's Eve, 1900. The cast is as real and British as the settings, which is a high compliment. Topping it are Clive Brook, as *Robert Marryot*, who marches away to two wars, and Diana Wynyard, as his wife, who twice knows brooding fear. Here is life painted on a gigantic canvas, by players whose hearts were in their work.



THE ANIMAL KINGDOM

This was the picture that opened the world's most beautiful movie theatre, in Radio City, New York. On top of that, it was written by Philip Barry, who thought up "Holiday," and it stars Leslie Howard and Ann Harding. So stop debating if you want to see "another animal picture." For this is no jungle tale, but a highly intelligent comedy about a young idealist (Leslie), who gives up the mistress who understands him (Ann) to marry a society siren who doesn't (Myrna Loy), learns his mistake, and does something about it, in his own amusing fashion. Leslie is superbly real, Ann is sympathetically genuine, and Myrna is excellent in the difficult rôle of the sex-appealing wife. And William Gargan inspires constant mirth as the butler who makes a pal of his boss.



THE BILLION-DOLLAR SCANDAL

With a title that is no doubt intended to remind you that you had a hilarious time at "If I Had a Million," this little comedy-satire is a little too ambitious. It has breezy dialogue and many an amusing moment, but it sags at the end like a Christmas tree after the holidays are over. The tale is that of an ex-convict (Robert Armstrong), who falls for an editor's idea that he can become the biggest hero in history by exposing the "billion-dollar scandal" of some oil leases given to an oily Wall Street financier by high government officials, creates a sensation, and then fades from the headlines like yesterday's weather report, when an aviator makes a transatlantic flight. Warren Hymer, James Gleason, Frank Morgan and Constance Cummings are Armstrong's valuable helpers.



FRISCO JENNY

It pains me to have to inform you that *Frisco Jenny* is no one but our old friend, *Madame X*, in somewhat lurid disguise. But Ruth Chatterton still is as believable in the rôle of the straying mother as she was the first time she ever played it. That is what is known as acting. This time, the setting is San Francisco, and the action covers the period between the big earthquake and the present. The realistic earthquake wipes out her hard-hearted father, but alas, doesn't wipe out the shame of *Jenny*. Finding that repentance won't feed her infant, she takes up the Oldest Profession. Her child, spared from reformers and adopted by rich people, grows up to be Donald Cook and district attorney—and prosecutes his own mother for murder. I suffered more *for* Ruth than *with* her.

"In California...in Chicago...on the Continent,
these creams have guarded my skin constantly since
I was a girl"— says beautiful Mrs. McCormick



In 1929 Mrs. McCormick was Miss Joan Tyndale Stevens of England, which accounts for her delicate English beauty. "Years ago I started to use Pond's," she says.

HEALS CHAPPING. Pond's Vanishing Cream is famous for its healing and soothing qualities.

To prevent your skin from drying and cracking smooth on Vanishing Cream before going out. It keeps your skin beautifully soft and white.

CLEANSSES—PREVENTS LINES. Use Pond's Cold Cream for thorough daily cleansing. It floats out every speck of grime without clogging the pores or drying the skin! A bit left on overnight after cleansing will keep away age-telling lines!

"I SPENT my girlhood on the Continent... In Chicago I learned about extremes of climate... And here in Santa Barbara I am out in the open most of the time.

"Isn't that a test of one's beauty methods?"

Mrs. McCormick has the most heavenly skin you ever saw—she is a typical British blonde.

"Even on the other side, when I was a girl," she says, "I always used Pond's. I was so absolutely sure of their purity."

Skin Soft in Harshest Weather

"But it was in Chicago, where the winters are stinging and the summers burning, that I realized how absolutely necessary Pond's Two Creams are if one's skin is to keep its young-girl freshness.

"The Cold Cream is indispensable for cleansing, and I use the Vanishing Cream constantly for protection. It heals chapping and it is the most effective powder base.

"Here in California I spend most of my time in my garden. Again, Pond's Two Creams have proved themselves invaluable."

See Your Own Skin Improve

Try these Creams on your own skin, and see what wonders they accomplish for you. Pond's Creams bring back the suppleness of young skin.

WHITENS ROUGH RED HANDS. Pond's Vanishing Cream quickly smooths roughened skin and relieves irritation. Watch it whiten and soften reddened hands.

Thousands of women use and praise Pond's Two Creams. Among them:

Lady Louis Mountbatten
Mrs. E. Wrenn duPont Lady Violet Astor
Mrs. Reginald Vanderbilt
Miss Anne Morgan Mrs. Morgan Belmont



Today Mrs. Alister McCormick's fresh beauty is even more apparent. She spends most of her day working among rare tropical plants which she has collected. "I rely entirely on Pond's Two Creams to keep my skin nice," she says.

Send 10¢ (to cover cost of postage and packing) for choice of free samples



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Please send me (check choice): Pond's New Face Powder in attractive glass jar. Light Cream ☐, Rose Cream ☐, Brunette ☐, Naturelle ☐.
OR Pond's Two Creams, Tissues and Freshener ☐.

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*Giving Teeth
New Lustre—New Brilliance*

The moment you try Listerine Tooth Paste you will wonder why you ever put up with costly and less efficient dentifrices. From the moment you begin using it, you will note an improvement in the looks of your teeth; a new cleanliness, and new lustre and brilliance. It is a tribute to this paste that more than three million women now use it in preference to former favorites costing more. Won't you try a tube? *Lambert Pharmacal Co., St. Louis, Mo.*

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TOOTH PASTE
25¢

**Things you can buy
with that \$3 you SAVE**

Cold cream, face powder, handbag, umbrella, hose, hat, gloves, underwear, kimono, pyjamas, negligee, a good book, handkerchiefs, sweater, jewelry, knickers, bathrobe, swimming suit, moccasins, slippers, shoes, traveling bag, brief case, desk set, fountain pen, a Kodak, camera films, napkins, towels, tablecloth, bedspread, sheets, couch cover, iron, toaster, tennis balls, tennis net, tennis racket, golf balls, a golf club.

MOVIE CLASSIC

Ann Dvorak, who married Leslie Fenton and then "ran away" from stardom, fame and wealth, writes from abroad that they have found happiness—"and what does a career matter"? If you can't understand how a girl with a future like Ann's could feel that way, you'd better read what she says. Better read it, anyway!

By
ERIC
ERGENBRIGHT



I think the whole attraction of Europe is in its color and variety—the oldness of things, and traditions that a newcomer is always conscious of. I am, anyway.

Hollywood's "Love Runaways"

NOT for one moment have I regretted 'running away' from Hollywood. I suppose I've been guilty of poor business judgment. Perhaps I've endangered, or even ruined, my career—but what of that? I'll always have these gay, exciting, carefree months to look back on. Leslie and I are the happiest people in the world—and what does a career matter in view of that all-important fact?"

Not long ago, in a quaint, Old World hotel overlooking the storm-tossed Baltic Sea, a famous Hollywood "run-

Write Home

away" was writing to her mother. She enthusiastically described her life in that little German fishing village, then—almost as an afterthought—added the paragraph quoted above.

Ann Dvorak, the girl who wrote that letter, left Hollywood. (Continued on page 78)

“NO MARRIAGE FOR ME,” Say Ten Women Stars

And the girls appear to mean it. Maureen O'Sullivan, disappointed in love once, fears a second heart-break. Sylvia Sidney hates to lose her freedom. Lupe Velez won't be “bossed.” Constance Cummings says screen work makes marriage too difficult. Mary Brian and Dorothy Jordan wonder if they could ever give up their present lives. Dorothy Peterson can't bear possessiveness. Anita Page and Tala Birell haven't found The Man. Myrna Loy is “much too busy” to think about matrimony.

By HELEN LOUISE WALKER

TEN beautiful women. Ten girls who are paid spectacular salaries, chiefly by reason of their sparkling and alluring personalities. Ten modern young women, with careers of their own and luxurious independence. Ten of the most attractive and “eligible” young women of this generation. Yet each of them, in her own way, says, “No marriage for me!”

Most of them tell me that they hope to marry “sometime”—in a vague, vague future. Most of them admit that marriage is an experience that a woman should not miss. But none of them wants to enter the married state *now*. Marriage, according to these girls, is so likely to become chronic! Once a woman has tried it, no matter how dismal has been the failure, she is so likely to go on trying it, over and over, in the forlorn hope of achieving the ideal state. These are definite young women, who have not attempted it and who at present do not intend to attempt it—

may enter matrimony “sanely.” The word “sane” is much in use among the younger fry. For example, Maureen O'Sullivan, who is in-



Dorothy Jordan



Anita Page



Myrna Loy



Sylvia Sidney

dustriously denying marriage rumors about James Dunn and herself, says, “Love once wrecked a promising and well-started career for me. Nothing, I thought, was so important to me

as the man who had my heart. I would have given up anything—made any sacrifice—for the romance that caught at my imagination then. Afterward, disillusionment came. When the first terrific pain was over, I found that love had taken a terrible toll of me.

Maureen Fears Unhappiness

“I’VE been afraid—oh, so afraid!—of love. And even more afraid of marriage, which ties you. Some day, perhaps, I shall recover from that fear. Perhaps I shall marry. I hope so! But not, I pray, until I can enter marriage gladly and *sanely*, knowing what it entails, what it means, what it requires!”

You see? They all, like Maureen, have that completely

for reasons of their own.

It is significant, one supposes, of this modern day, that so many of them say that they want to wait until they

modern notion that marriage should be *sane*. I contend that that is a new idea! It belongs to this new generation of women.

Sylvia Sidney says, "I'd like to marry—if I could do it in my own way! The trouble with marriage, nowadays, is modern women. We have learned that we can be independent. We know that we do not (as women did in the old days) have to marry to be supported. If we undertake marriage and it doesn't work out as we expect, then we can terminate it quite easily, and be none the worse off for it. No one criticizes us for it or even sympathizes with us. The best you can get from an old friend, under those circumstances, is, 'Too bad! Better luck next time!'"

"That hardly makes for permanence. And I should want marriage to be permanent."



Dorothy Peterson



Mary Brian

Ask Sylvia if she would be willing to give up her career for marriage, and you'll never see a more shocked young woman. Here is what she thinks of the idea:

Sylvia Cherishes Freedom

"BUT—how silly!" she gasps. "Of course not. In the first place, that question could never arise, because anyone who fell in love with me enough to want me to marry him would have fallen in love with Sylvia Sidney, the actress. How ridiculous to try to turn into something else afterward! I think marriage would be very pleasant if you should marry the right person and could arrange your lives together for convenience and happiness. That circumstance has never arisen for me. I should hate to lose my freedom! I hate roots or ties. I am even afraid of possessions. That is probably the real reason why I have never married."

The fiery Lupe Velez has been heard to say of late that she is "through with men." She hasn't exactly acted as if she really meant it, what with being seen here and there with Johnny Weissmuller. But Lupe does not want to marry.

"You have to submerge your personality if you marry," she says. "And I won't do that. Men insist upon dominating you, and they are never satisfied unless they succeed. I will *not* be dominated. I will *not* be told what to do. And I will *not* submerge my personality, dim my own particular light for anyone. No love is worth that to me. Marriage certainly is not worth it to me—with anyone! Besides, I am fickle. . . . No! No! Marriage is not for Lupe!"

Constance Cummings thinks that marriage is more

difficult in Hollywood—for picture people—than it is in other places. And Constance



Maureen O'Sullivan



Constance Cummings

has very definite reasons for thinking so.

Not "Sure" of Any Actor

"YOU would have to be awfully sure of each other," she says. "I should be a little afraid to attempt it. It

is that ego thing which causes so much trouble, I think. You know, if you amount to anything at all in pictures, you get a lot of flattery. People are always telling you that you are something out of the ordinary—and you like it! Anybody likes flattery, however untrue it is.

"Well, if two picture people are married to each other, they get all this flattery from outsiders—and if they begin to feel that they are taken for granted at home, it annoys them no end! 'Other people think I'm something pretty grand!' they say. 'If you don't—well, then you don't love me any more.' Then the fight is on. Picture people can never settle down into a calm and restful relationship. The pressure from outside is too great. I don't want any marriage of the sort I see around me!"

Mary Brian says that she wouldn't think of being married unless she wanted it enough to give up acting.

"You can see that I should have to be most frightfully in love to want to give up my work, after I've been at it all this time! But I shouldn't think of attempting to be mar-



Lupe Velez



Tala Birell

ried and go on working. The men I know don't believe me when I say that I should really want to settle down, if I were
(Continued on page 62)

THESE Movie Stars Went to College— Why?

You'd naturally think that actors and actresses would get ahead by degrees (college degrees, that is), but some of our best-educated favorites have become famous as rough, unlettered heroes. And only five of our favorite heroines have been handed diplomas. What does it all prove—that the College of Hard Knocks (Jimmy Durante's alma mater) is the one that turns out the most actors and actresses?

*I toiled for a fine
education and
won it,
A.B. and M.A.
in succession
I snared;
I garnered a
legion of hon-
ors scholastic—
And found that
in Hollywood
who the H—
cared!*

*I—with a background
of super-refinement,
With a knowledge of Latin
and classical prose—
Am doomed to play tough
guys and ignorant heav-
ies;
My speech is embellished
with "dese, dem and
dose."*

SUCH is—or might well be—the doleful theme-song of the college graduate in Hollywood. Sheepskins, in this bespangled movie village, attract far less attention than ermine, and the art of showing one's dimples means more in the casting office than the ability to solve an intricate problem in calculus. What does it profit an actor to know that *Pithecanthropus Erectus* is accepted by certain sages as the Missing Link and denied by other learned gentry? After all, dearie, *P. Erectus* lived too soon to play in "Ingagi," his monicker is too long for the electrics—and Central Casting can furnish at least a dozen missing links.



Frances Dee was a mere Chicago freshman, above, when she got her movie chance. Left, Buster Crabbe as a U. S. C. senior-1932



Gloria Stuart, above, studied dramatics at the University of California for three years—and then became an actress. But Andy Devine right, studied teaching—and became a whispering comedian

By JOHN L. HADDON

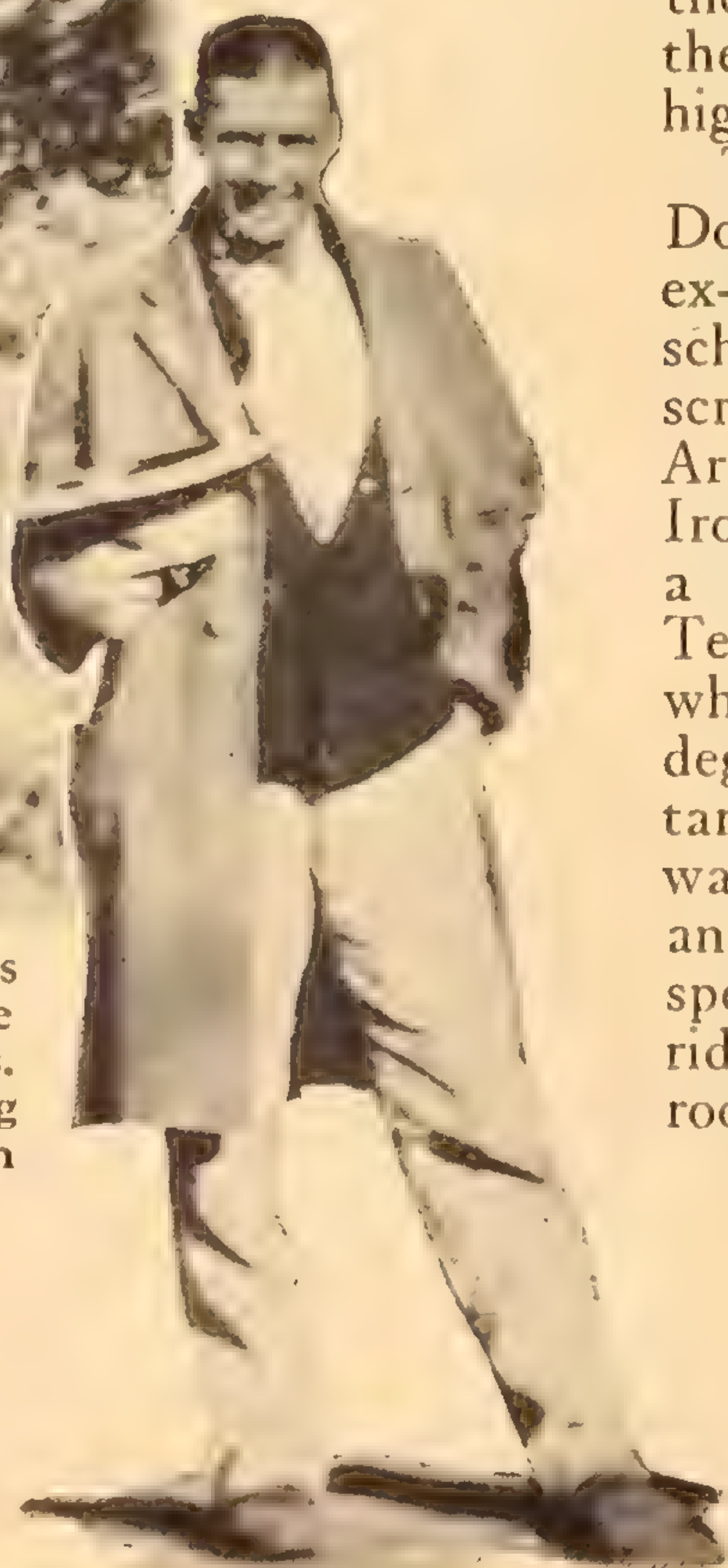
Therefore, what price a college degree in Hollywood? Nothing and less than nothing, perhaps, but the fact remains that a number of our leading luminaries have earned the right to garnish their names with degrees, and many others have spent from one to three years in college. We have our quota of Bachelors, Masters and even Doctors, but since they prefer not to boast of their academic laurels, the surest clue to their identities lies in the rôles they play. Hark back to my theme-song—any self-respecting purveyor of verse will assure you that it must be truth, since it's such poor poetry.

The Brainy Ones Play Hard Guys

IS it merely a happenstance, an ironic accident, that the most brilliantly educated actors in Hollywood usually play mugs, while the ultra-genteel rôles generally fall to the lot of those who quit school in the grades, or at best, in high-school?

There's J. Farrell MacDonald, graduate of Yale, ex-engineer and tireless scholar; he made his first screen hit as the illiterate Army corporal in "The Iron Horse." Tom Keene, a graduate of Carnegie Tech, and Ken Maynard, who won an engineering degree from Virginia Military Institute, where he was an athletic star and an honor student, both specialize in playing hard-riding, gun-toting buckaroos on the screen.

Edmund Lowe, who has a Master of Arts degree from Santa Clara University, who was one of the most popular members



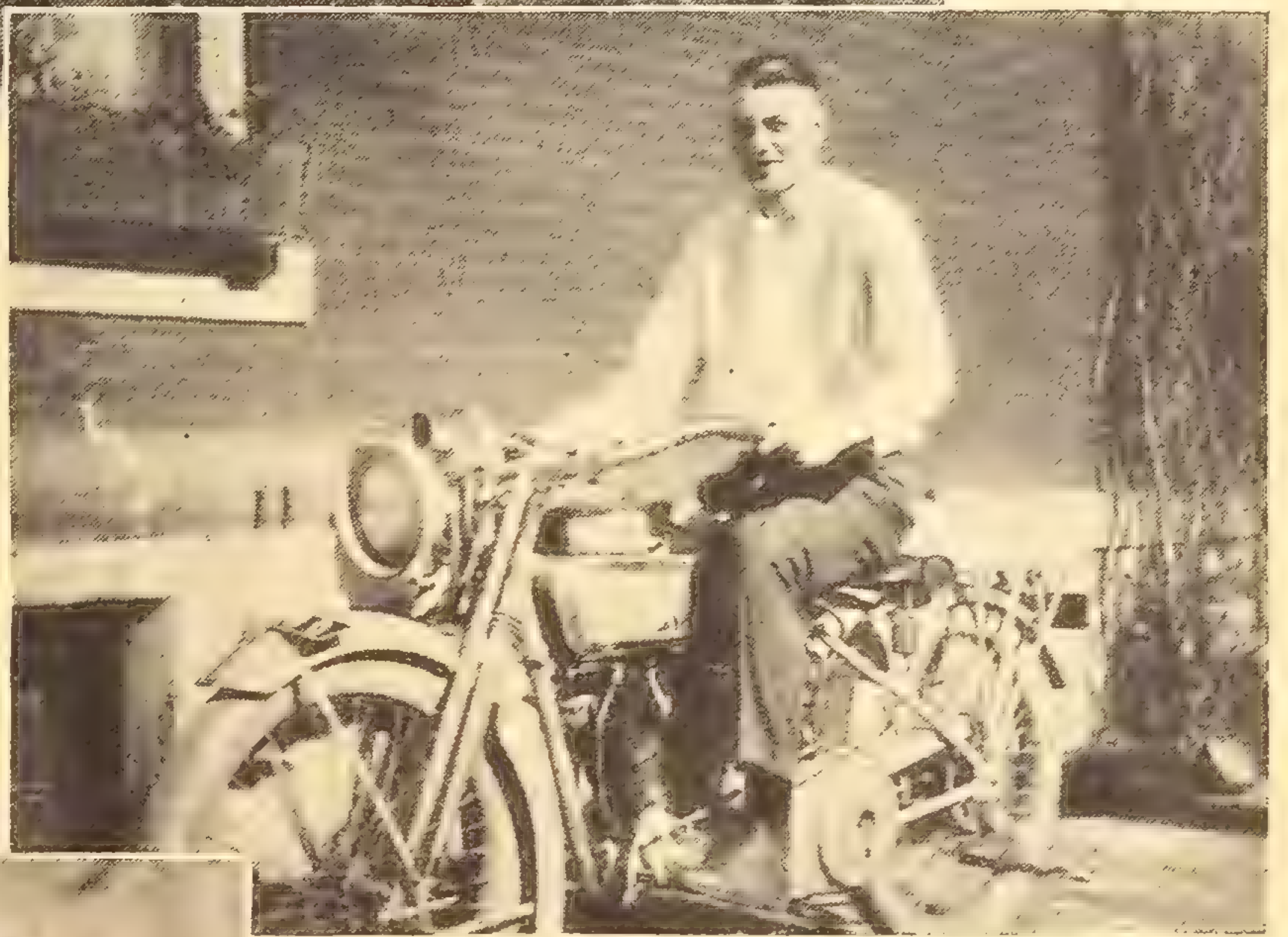


In the group of Carnegie Tech drama students at the left, you'll find Norman Foster (fourth from left), Har-die Albright (fourth from right) and Arthur Lubin (second from right, front row). They actually studied to become actors!



Above, Buddy Rogers with a pal on the campus of the University of Kansas. He went there to study journalism!

Right, Gary Cooper at the age of twenty, on the campus of Grinnell College, where he temporarily gave up horses and took to the effete motorcycle. Below, Robert Armstrong as the Babe Ruth of his day at the University of Washington, where he was also a football star



of his class and a member of the football and baseball varsities, became a box-office idol as the roughneck *Sergeant Quirt* in "What Price Glory?" Ever since then, he has been dropping wisecracks from the far corner of his mouth and patting careless lassies on the keel—which you must admit is a somewhat startling career for so promising a law student. Eddie turned to the stage as a result of his success in college dramatics.

Louis Wolheim, now deceased, graduated with high honors from Cornell, where he played football and was a shining light in the dramatic club. His first outstanding success was in the title rôle of Eugene O'Neill's play about a stoker, "The Hairy Ape." On the screen he specialized in illiterate plug-uglies. The late Milton Sills, entitled to sign

himself Ph.D. (it takes seven years of grueling study to acquire that honor), was almost invariably cast as the rough, unlettered man of the wide open spaces.

Boris Karloff (whose real name is William Henry Pratt) was graduated from King's College, London University to take his place in the British Consular Service. Instead, his passion for the theatre drove him to Canada and the stage. He languished for years after coming to Hollywood as an uncouth screen villain before winning stardom as a speechless monstrosity in "Frankenstein."

Victor McLaglen, an alumnus of Christian College, South Africa, has always been a screen illiterate. Off-screen, he (Continued on page 69)



MOVIE CLASSIC, through James Fidler, puts twenty "impertinent" questions to the startling redhead who became a star overnight, and she comes back with twenty "pertinent" answers. It's something new in interviews!

This is the second MOVIE CLASSIC "cross-examination" interview—something brand-new in interviews. You form your own impression of a star, without any suggestions from the interviewer. Moreover, no star can wail, "But no one knows the questions I was asked!" Here are *both* questions and answers—with the questions designed to encourage frank, revealing, newsy answers. Here's hoping that our questions and her answers will help you to know Katharine Hepburn as well as if you had interviewed her, yourself!—Editor.

WHEN Katharine Hepburn arrived in Hollywood from Broadway, she clamped down the lid on all publicity. The result was that, when she appeared in "A Bill of Divorcement," she burst upon the public as a sensation—such a sensation, in fact, that RKO couldn't do anything else but star her. Did she have a hunch that this might happen? That's just one thing that everybody would like to know about this newest of the redheads!

There are plenty of other questions that everybody is asking about her. James Fidler has anticipated twenty of the biggest ones, has "cross-examined" her over a luncheon table between scenes of "The Great Desire," and has extracted considerable information about Katharine Hepburn, the Hepburn opinion of Garbo (to whom she has been likened), her plans, her "wealth," and—but read their questions and answers for yourself!

Mr. Fidler's "impertinent" questions are in italics; Miss Hepburn's "pertinent" answers are in heavy Roman type:

1. *Is it true that you have \$16,000,000?*

Katharine's answer: "No; there isn't that much money nowadays. Because my name is Hepburn, I am constantly confused with a wealthy Eastern family.

"My father is a surgeon, and comfortably well off, but we're far from being millionaires."

2. *Why do you wear overalls around the studio?*

"First, because they are comfortable and convenient. Second, because they save wear and tear on more expen-

sive clothes. And third, because it seems to amaze people. I like to do unusual things."

3. *What do you think of your performance in "A Bill of Divorcement"?*

"I was disappointed when I saw the picture. I went to Europe immediately, convinced my career in pictures was ended. During the month I was abroad I heard nothing from Hollywood until I received a cablegram to return for a new picture. I thought: 'How nice! They're giving me another chance.'

"Not until the reporters came on the boat in the New York harbor did I learn that people liked me in 'A Bill of Divorcement.' I still don't like it, much."

4. *Do you think that you look like Greta Garbo?*

"No. I happen to have a masque face—thin and hollow. Miss Garbo popularized such features, and because of



KATHARINE

Answers

Startling



BY
JAMES FIDLER
AND
KATHARINE HEPBURN

thought until I saw myself on the screen. I thought I looked like a fence rail. Now I'm trying to gain."

8. *Did you anticipate that you would make a hit when you went to Hollywood for "A Bill of Divorcement"?*

"I hoped I might, but to say that I expected to be a success is absurd. I read the part before I went to Hollywood, and I knew it was a rare opportunity. I have confidence in my ability to act; I did not expect to fail.

"I suppose I must have made that insane girl in 'A Bill of Divorcement' vivid, for I've had ten 'insane girl' parts offered me since."

9. *Why did you give up a life of social ease to pursue a career in the world's most nerve-racking business?*

"Because I am too energetic, too high-strung, to remain idle. Also, because I want to achieve my own peculiar air."

H

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of
ap

12. *When you left the East, did you expect to knock Hollywood cold socially?*

"Not exactly. But after all I had heard about night-life in Hollywood, I did anticipate a good time before I arrived. But in all the time I was there on my first visit, I received only one invitation. Believe me, I accepted it in a hurry, too."

13. *Is it true that you spent three months in Europe without spending one night in a hotel?*

"Yes. A girl-friend and I toured England in an automobile. We budgeted our expenses to five dollars a day each. We lived in auto camps. It was great fun."

14. *Do you think that you are so hot as an actress?*

"I think I can act, else I wouldn't be in Hollywood. Whether I am right or wrong remains to be seen. I do not think that 'A Bill of Divorcement' was a good test, for

(Continued on page 71)

HEPBURN

Twenty Questions

some slight similarity in our facial contours, people have said that I resemble her. But I disagree."

5. *What is your opinion of comparisons made between yourself and Garbo?*

"I wish I could look and act like Miss Garbo. I admire her more than any other movie star."

6. *Is it true that you purchased a used Hispano-Suiza? Why?*

"Yes. When I was about to purchase a car, I heard of a Hispano-Suiza, an expensive foreign motor, for sale. I investigated, discovered a bargain and bought the car.

"I have no false pride about driving a second-hand automobile; rather, I'm proud of having struck a good bargain."

7. *Do you think that you are skinny?*

"I certainly do, but I never gave the matter serious

LOOKING

GOSSIP FROM THE WEST COAST



Is Spencer Tracy to be the next star? It's a rumor, after "Twenty Thousand Years in Sing Sing"

Welbourne



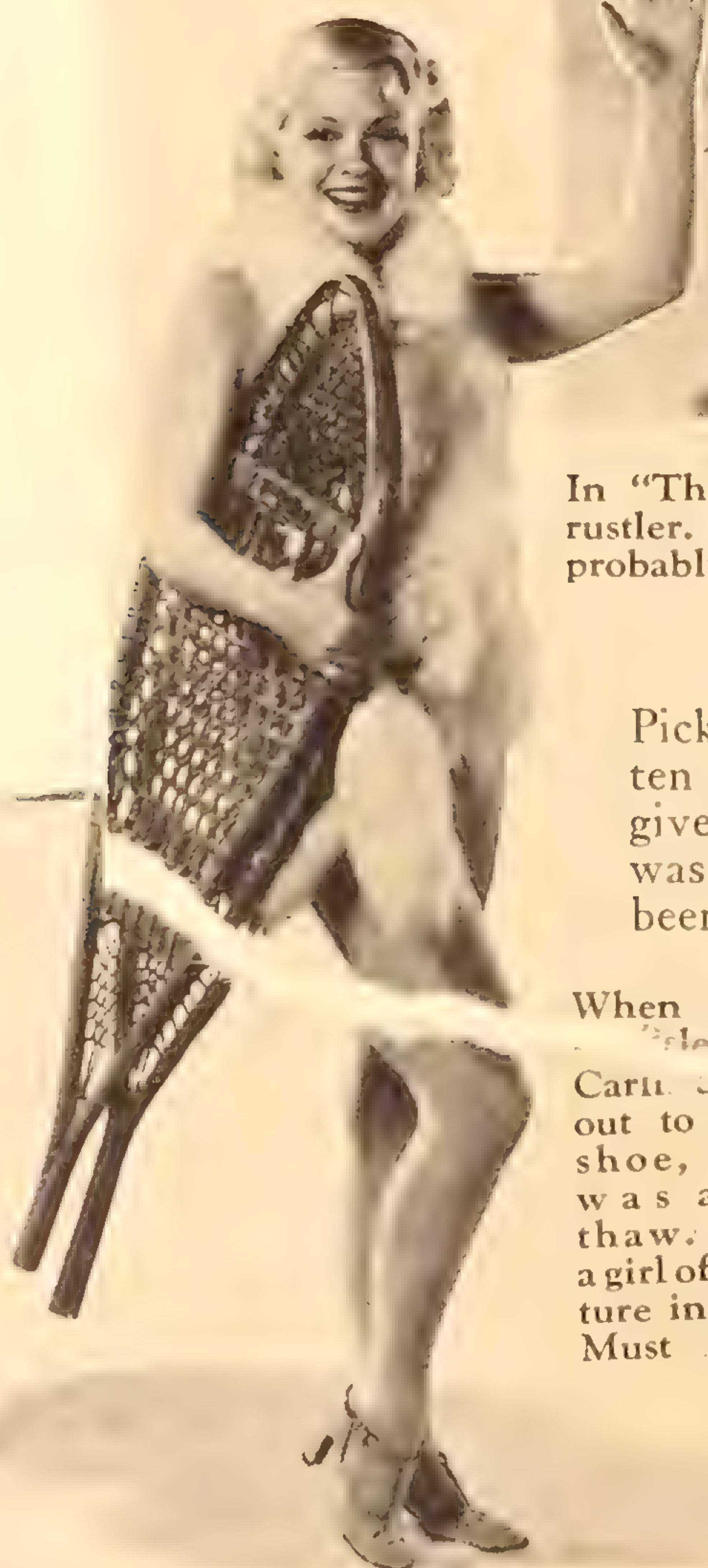
June Vasek, one of Fox's new starlets, is so young that a court had to approve her screen contract. Like 'em young?

Phyfe



Ray Jones

In "The Rustler's Round-Up," Tom Mix rounds up his last rustler. He's "retiring," and will tour the world. And he'll probably take along Tony, Jr. (above), the successor to his famous Tony (also recently retired)



C. S. Bull

Bill Boyd finds Dorothy Wilson a very lovable newcomer. He woos her for the second time in "Lucky Devils"—which should be singular, not plural!

CONSTANCE BENNETT is giving up the merry, mad movies for good at the completion of her present RKO contract in 1934. In anyone else such an announcement would sound like the old "farewell appearance" stall . . . but with Connie making

When Mary Pickford went out to snowshoe, there was a big thaw. She's a girl of the future in "Men Must Fight"

Pickford and several others made that same statement ten years ago. But Connie has proved that she can give up the movies! She did it for three years while she was married to Phil Plant. "The movies never have been, and never will be, my entire life interest," explains Constance, "I enjoy the more leisurely life of travel and rest too well! Or maybe I'm just plain lazy!"

Anyway, Connie has uttered her first "retirement" call. We'll see!! But our bet is she'll be sticking around for quite a few years to come!!!

WHEN Janet Gaynor and Lydell Peck decided to separate and admitted openly that their lukewarm marriage had at last come to an end,

THEM OVER

By DOROTHY MANNERS

Charlie Farrell and his wife, Virginia Valli, were the most bothered couple in town!

From the moment the news broke, the Farrell telephone started ringing and it did not cease for days. Just why the press should have expected important statements to have come from Charlie and Virginia is a little hard to

The George Raft of the female sex is—guess who! Mae West, as *Lady Lou*, in "She Done Him Wrong"!



With Paul Lukas and Loretta Young holding the hands, how could it be anything but a "Grand Slam," with hearts for trumps?

Longworth

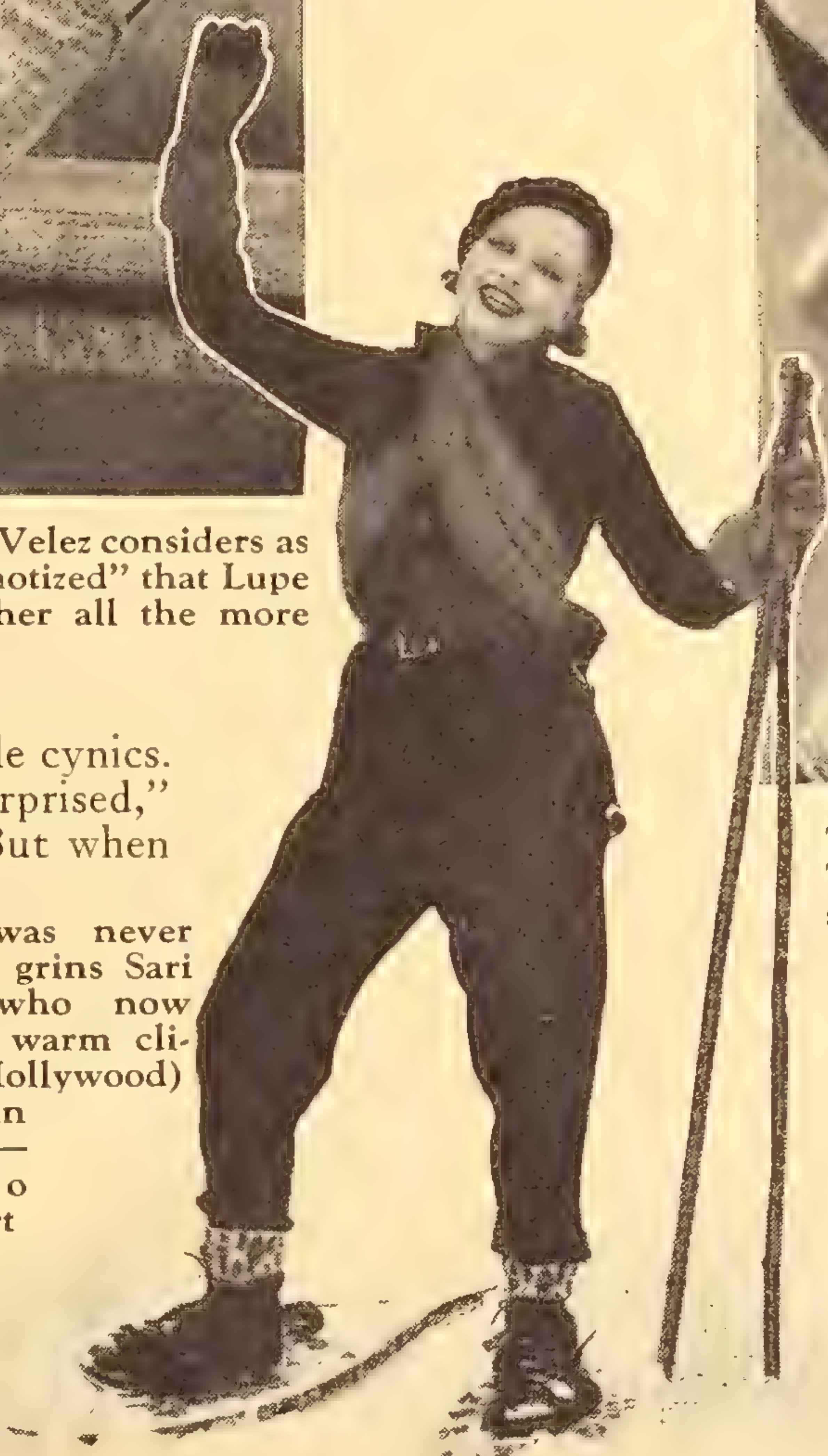


Maria Alba is the girl, so they say, that Lupe Velez considers as her natural rival. She won the role in "Hypnotized" that Lupe wanted. And she's Spanish—which makes her all the more dangerous!

guess, unless you are one of those incurable cynics. Beyond the fact that they were "really surprised," Charlie and Virginia had little to say. But when newspaper reporters actually began coming to their home for statements, they left town and hid out at a nearby resort for a day or two until the excitement died down.

The day upon his return to Hollywood, Charlie lunched at the *Brown Derby* with a friend. Their meal was completely ruined by friends and press people surrounding their table to find out the details of the

"Europe was never like this," grins Sari Maritza, who now lives in a warm climate (Hollywood) and plays in a cold one—just two hours apart



Lippman



Fraker

The jungle has its points, Raquel Torres learns, in returning to the screen in "So This Is Africa"—as the li'l helper of Wheeler and Woolsey

separation of Charlie's former co-star and her husband.

Finally, in desperation, Charlie said, "Why don't you ask Miss Gaynor why she left her husband? I don't know a thing about it."

(Continued on page 68)

Heard on the Boulevard
 Ruth Chatterton, her current husband, George Brent, and her ex-husband, Ralph Forbes, all cosily attending "Maedchen in Uniform" together at the Belasco. . . . Claudia Mor-
 gan and Bruce Cabot dancing at Coconut Grove. What has

RUTH

RALPH

GEORGE

RUTH and RALPH and GEORGE —One for All, and All for One

"WE shall have a civilized divorce," said Ruth Chatterton, in announcing her separation from Ralph Forbes last summer. Their divorce was just that, but their behavior since parting has been even more remarkable—even more noteworthy in exemplifying advanced civilization.

Were there a Nobel Prize for the year's outstanding example of civilized conduct—and there might well be such an award!—the names of Ruth Chatterton, George Brent and Ralph Forbes would, perforce, head the list of nominees. Individually and collectively, they have achieved the feat of turning a dramatic triangle into a friendly circle. All three have each other's respect, admiration and close friendship. They are *living* the rôles of truly civilized people.

All of Hollywood knows the facts concerning Ruth Chatterton's marriage to George Brent and her continued friendship with her former husband, Ralph

By JACK GRANT



Jack Grant, who gives us this intimate little glimpse into three famous lives and loves, is on more-than-interview terms with the stars. He has lived in Hollywood for ten years, and there isn't a door through which he has ever passed to do a story about a movie personality that he cannot knock on to-day and be sure of a warm welcome. Because the stars are his friends, they give him stories that many writers could not get. This is one such story. Jack will write many others in coming issues of *MOVIE CLASSIC*, and when you read them, you may be sure that he knows whereof he writes.—Editor.

Forbes. But none of Hollywood knows the truth of their companionship. And without comprehensive knowledge, it raises an arched and well-plucked eyebrow in what it hopes is well-bred amazement.

Someone once observed that to know the facts about a specific matter is one thing; to know the truth, quite another. For facts are to truth what dates are to history. They record certain events without in the least revealing their significance. And this holds true in the Brent-Chatterton-Forbes real-life drama.

Hollywood has observed, as facts, that George and Ralph play polo as team—
(Continued on page 74)

◆ THE NEWSREEL OF THE NEWSSTANDS ◆

Right, Virginia Valli and Charles Farrell go to a polo game—perhaps to dodge reporters who want to ask them what they know about Janet Gaynor's future plans. Charlie and Janet recently parted as a screen team, and Janet has now parted from her husband, Lydell Peck. See story on page 30



Phyllis Fraser (below) would now be wed to equally young Tom Brown, if her cousin, Ginger Rogers, hadn't headed off their elopement. But their romance continues!



International

Let's drink a toast to the Warners, boys! They've found something as intoxicating as champagne. Her name is Alice Jans (below), and she's from Iowa

Acme
Nick Stuart and Sue Carol arrive in New York with their whole family. While they play on the stage, the baby will play on the dog!



Acme



Joan Blondell and George Barnes, cameraman (left), have ended all the suspense—and have taken the matrimonial plunge. Here they are in New York, on their honeymoon, reading "best wishes" telegrams



Wide World



Up at Lake Arrowhead for winter sports, Clark Gable chats with Richard Bennett, there for his health. A setback kept him out of "The White Sister" with Clark



DIETRICH DODGES LAWSUIT BY ENDING REVOLT—FUTURE FILMS TO BE GERMAN-MADE

When Marlene Declines To Make "Song Of Songs" Without Guidance Of Von Sternberg, Studio Promptly Sues Her For \$185,000, And She Changes Mind—But End Of Contract Will Find Star And Director Reunited In Germany

By DOROTHY MANNERS



International

Marlene, whose trousers are almost as famous as her rebellions, is about to say *Auf Wiedersehen* to Hollywood. And how talkative Hollywood will miss her!

MARLENE DIETRICH has decided to save \$185,000 of the good iron men she has earned in America, simply by returning to work at Paramount, instead of "sitting out" the remainder of her contract. In other words, the second Dietrich-vs.-Paramount war has ended almost as peacefully as the first, when Marlene did a walk-out because she would not make a picture unless directed by Josef von Sternberg (and walked back within a week).

Marlene will make "The Song of Songs" under the direction of Rouben Mamoulian—the first picture she will have made in this country without the guiding hand of von Sternberg. But she is in the same frame of mind as a child who has been promised that she may attend the circus as soon as she gets her tedious home-work done. In this case, "The Song of Songs" is the home-work, and the promised circus is her new agreement with von Sternberg, which will take her back to her beloved Germany to make Dietrich-von Sternberg pictures for UFA release.

There can be little doubt that

Marlene is through, most definitely through, with Hollywood. Almost from the start of her Paramount contract to its financially lucrative completion (with Marlene drawing \$4,000 weekly), she has been in almost constant turmoil with her producing company. Quarrels over stories, bickerings over leading men, and long-drawn out disputes over her being directed by someone besides von Sternberg have made Marlene's stardom one of the most tumultuous tie-ups in Hollywood history. One gets the impression that both star and studio will be glad when it's all over.

The new difficulty was far more serious than the walk-out of a few months ago, both in its inception and in its threatened lawsuit. Marlene wanted to make "The Song of Songs" (written by Herman Sudermann, famous German novelist and playwright), but she did not want to do it with any director other than her discoverer. To add to the complications, von Sternberg's contract had expired and he had not re-signed with Paramount. Marlene's own contract had but a few weeks to run, whereupon Marlene conceived the idea of

merely "sitting it out," apparently.

But she reckoned without her producing company, which had already spent more than \$185,000 on preparatory work for the picture. An entire battery of lawyers was engaged to bring Marlene into court for "breach of contract"—nearly \$200,000 worth of "breach." For a day, it looked as though Marlene was planning to fight the thing out in court. But suddenly, her attorney, Ralph Blum (husband of Carmel Myers, close friend of Marlene and von Sternberg), went into conference with

the Paramount attorneys, and it was just as suddenly announced that the threatened difficulties had been successfully ironed out and Marlene was returning to work.

No mention was made of a cablegram, said to have been sent by von Sternberg in Berlin to Marlene in Hollywood, which may or may not have advised his protégée to call off her war—because of the adverse publicity that might accrue from it. For, after all, Marlene and von Sternberg still hope to release their pictures in America, after they team up again in Germany, where Marlene and her husband (Rudolph Sieber) want their little girl to be educated and where she and von Sternberg made their first picture, "The Blue Angel."

Besides objecting to having any director besides von Sternberg, Marlene objected to the selection of Fredric March to play opposite her. But she surrendered on both objections. The picture started "harmoniously"!



Josef von Sternberg "discovered" Marlene Dietrich, and she is faithful to him after her fashion

RENALDO, CONVICTED IN PASSPORT CASE, RENEWS CITIZENSHIP FIGHT

Romantic Lead In "Trader Horn" Loses Two-Year Battle To Prove He Was Born In United States And Now Faces Either Prison Or Deportation To Roumania, Where Government Claims He Was Born—Actor Will Appeal Case

By LYNN FAIRFIELD

FINED \$2,000 and sentenced to two years in Federal prison unless he is deported—that was the judgment recently passed upon Duncan Renaldo, who found fame as *Little Peru* in "Trader Horn," in Federal Court in Los Angeles. He had lost his long battle with the government, which claimed that on his passport to Africa he had sworn falsely that he was born in America; the government contended that he had been born in Roumania. And while the government starts deportation proceedings, Renaldo will appeal his conviction.

"Unless my appeal is heard favorably," Renaldo says, "I must go to prison for two years—or else be deported, with little possibility of re-entry. 'Why?' I ask myself continually: 'Why?' Who has enough interest in ruining me to do this tremendous work of bringing witnesses from a foreign land, and hiring a search of records? I am being made an example of—for some reason. What reason I cannot guess . . .

"I was too unimportant to have powerful enemies, yet someone finds it worth more than one hundred and fifty thousands to ruin me. The government has actually spent that. Last year I was exonerated of the charges that I was illegally in this country. Now it is all opened up again. I am penniless. I have worked only once since 'Trader Horn,' and then they had to finish the picture in six days because I was arrested. For two years I have been harried as if I were a criminal . . .

"The strange part of it is that I *am* an American citizen. My parents took me to Roumania when I was a child and I grew up there, but I was born in Camden, New Jersey. I have proof of it—a copy of the birth certificate in the records. I was recognized as an American citizen when I served in

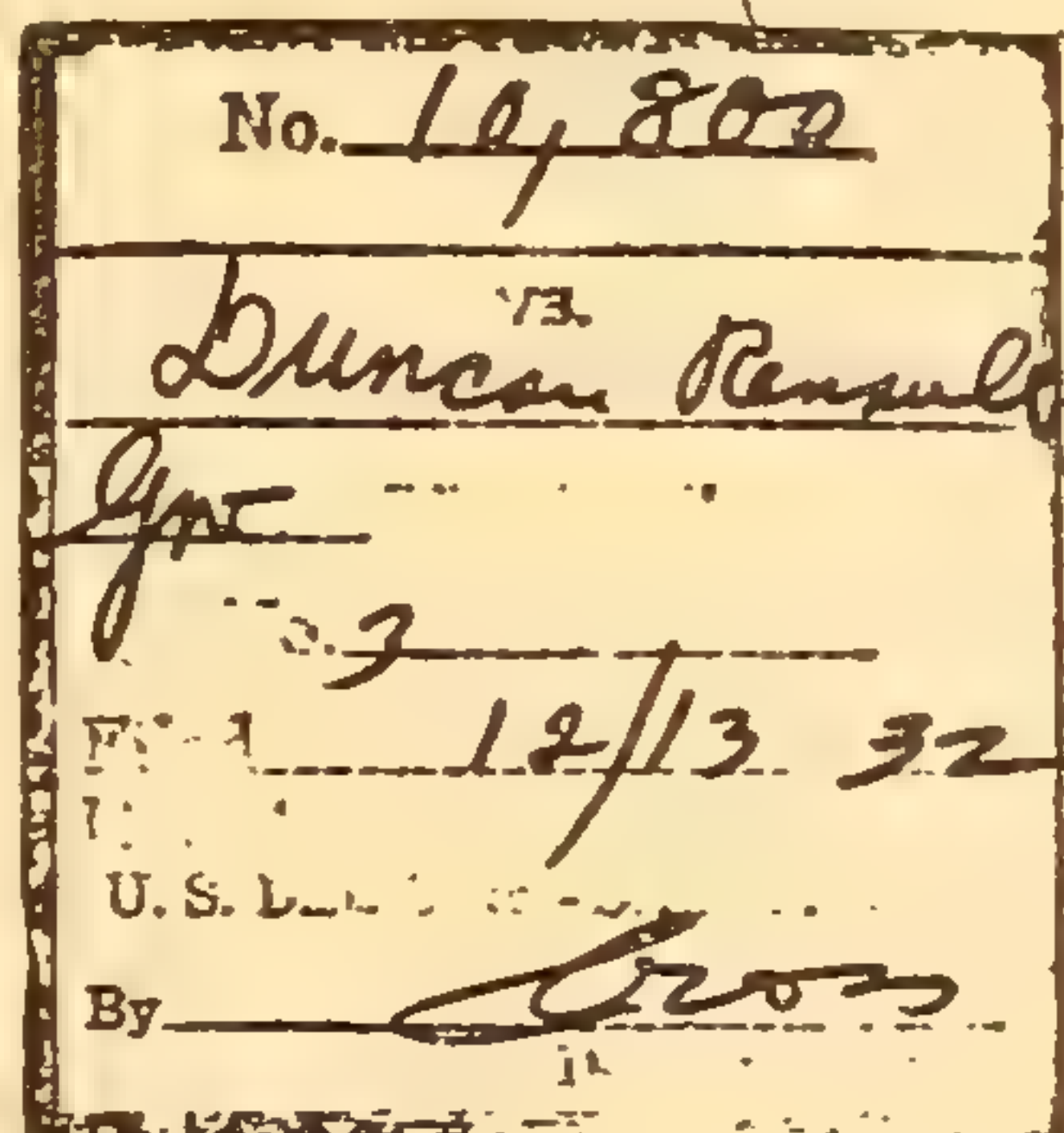
the Army. I have an honorable discharge from the Army. Does the United States enlist citizens of other countries in its Army?

"My name is Duncan Renault. That is the name that appears on the birth certificate. Yet they preferred to consider the Roumanian birth certificate of a man of another



Ruth Harriet Louise

Form No. 10-1				STATISTICS	
STATE DEPARTMENT OF HEALTH				Registered No.	
PLACE OF BIRTH	State	New Jersey	County	Camden	City
Township	Full Name of Child	Duncan Renault	Sex	Male	Date of Birth
City	Full Name of Mother	Marie Marinesco	Age when born	30	Place of Birth
Full Name of Father	Francis B. Duncan	Full Name of Child	Duncan Renault	Age when born	49
Residence	217 Federal St.	Color	White	Race	Roumanian
Occupation	Prodace Merchant	Birthplace	Roumania	Occupation	Housewife
Signature: <i>Duncan Renault</i> Address: <i>217 Federal St. Camden, N.J.</i> Date: <i>Jan 1, 1931</i>					



The official court stamp on Renaldo's "birth certificate;" offered as evidence in his trial

Duncan Renaldo (top) says that he was born Duncan Renault in Camden, New Jersey, and offers the document above as evidence

name—Vasile Dumitri Cughienas—as being proof that I was born in Roumania, when all it proved was that this man

believes his story would carry as much weight as hers. Consequently, he has come to feel that he has an unknown, but powerful enemy. William T. Kendrick, his counsel, is fighting for him without a prospect of financial reward, because he believes in Renaldo's story.

Cughienas was born there. They even got the name of the mother different in the two times that the matter came up."

If "Trader Horn" had not offered him the chance of a lifetime, he would still, no doubt, be playing parts in pictures. His great opportunity was also his ruin. He was earning more than two thousand dollars a week when he returned from Africa. Suddenly, his troubles began. Other actors who have had passport troubles have been able to adjust their difficulties amicably, but not so Renaldo.

The one who was the first complainant against him appears to have been his estranged wife. But Renaldo does not believe that his former wife's complaint accounts for the government's persistence in prosecuting him; he



Kahle

Janet Gaynor left the way open for reconciliation by saying, "I want to behave rationally through this and keep my head"

By MADGE TENNANT

JANET GAYNOR has gone to Honolulu to "think things over." She doesn't want to start divorce action against her husband, Lydell Peck, without due thought. "I want to behave rationally through this, and keep my head," she told friends before she left.

Lydell was to vacate the big house they had been occupying—the John McCormack estate—before she returned from Honolulu, but Lydell didn't wait. He moved out immediately. Janet will return to this home where she has been so unhappy, and live there until the lease is terminated. In Honolulu, she is staying at the Royal Hawaiian Hotel, instead of occupying the little "honeymoon house" that she and Lydell purchased soon after their marriage in September, 1929.

Curiously enough, Norman Foster, who has just finished playing Janet's brother in "State Fair," also left for Honolulu soon afterward—a coincidence that set Hollywood's tongues to wagging, though no one who worked on the picture with Norman and Janet seems to have suspected any budding romance. However, the rumors of an impending divorce be-

GAYNOR DIVORCE AWAITS HER RETURN FROM HAWAII

Parting With Lydell Peck, Janet Heads For Honolulu, Scene Of Their Honeymoon, "To Think Things Over"—Step Follows Screen Separation From Charles Farrell



Wide World

Above, Janet Gaynor and Lydell Peck, whose parting was caused by "clashes of temperament." Left, Charles Farrell and Virginia Valli, looking happily married—which discourages new romance rumors



tween Norman and his wife, Claudette Colbert, are growing insistent. They have been living under separate roofs for some time.

Once more "heart-free," Janet will be the storm center for romance gossip. The moment the papers printed the news of her separation from Lydell Peck, the telephone of Charles and Virginia Valli Farrell began to ring. "We didn't know a thing about it until we read it in the papers," Virginia says. "We are rather dis-

turbed, for both are our friends . . ."

At a recent party, the Farrells were almost ostentatiously devoted. "See," Charlie told the other guests as he kissed Virginia, "I'm still in love with my wife!" It is said that he has been frankly worried about the possible effect of the inevitable gossip on his career, now that he has left Fox and parted from Janet, with whom he scaled the heights to fame. Their screen separation—a friendly one—antedated by only a few days the separation of Janet and her husband. Hollywood now wonders if Charlie had advance knowledge of the split between the Pecks, and broke up the screen team of Gaynor and Farrell to save Janet embarrassment.

Much as Hollywood keeps its eyes open for unhappy marriages, it was genuinely surprised by Janet's step. It has known for some time that the Pecks have had their little disagreements, but few ever thought that these would lead to actual separation—not while Janet was still on the screen, anyway. But Hollywood, in remembering that Janet was always shy on the screen, apparently forgot that she was also red-headed—and must, consequently, be impulsive. She caught Hollywood off its guard once, in marrying impulsively. Now, the same marriage is ending just as suddenly.

In some Hollywood circles, Janet's future plans are linked (in whispers) with the name of a young director, who has fought her fights in the Front Office many times. But the hitch to this story is that he is a great friend of Lydell Peck, who is now a junior Fox executive, and his wife is a great friend of Janet.

There seems to be no doubt that the separation of the young Pecks will soon be followed by divorce proceedings. But rumors will not be quieted until Janet marries again. For without any effort on her part, her fragile, wistful type of femininity has always attracted men's protective instincts. And protective instincts have a way, sometimes, of turning into marriage proposals.

BARBARA STANWYCK MAD ABOUT DIVORCE RUMORS WHEN FAY LEAVES SHOW

Star Scorns Columnist's "Sympathy" When Husband, Frank Fay, Quits Revue After She Tries To Arrange Truce—Threatens To Leave Screen, If Not Protected From "This Gossip"

By DOROTHY CALHOUN

A HOLLYWOOD gossip columnist recently wrote that, though Barbara Stanwyck "has always resented criticism of her devotion" to Frank Fay, his sympathy was with her on Frank's recent withdrawal from the cast of "Tattle Tales," the stage revue, soon after it opened in Los Angeles.

"I don't crave his 'sympathy,' nor does Frank!" Barbara declares. "I'm sick and tired of this divorce rumor stuff. When I read that paragraph, I wanted to do something about it, but Frank said, 'Don't pay any attention.' If the studio doesn't protect me from this sort of gossip, I'm going to quit pictures!"

She is back at work on "Baby Face," having just left a sick bed to which, Hollywood says, she was sent by the nervous shock of having Frank drop out of what she had hoped was to be his comeback musical show. Barbara says she had the "flu."

At any rate, she was hale and hearty on New Year's Eve when Frank, as the star of the smart revue, flung her a flower from his buttonhole across the footlights. Two nights later, the manager of the revue came before the curtain in some embarrassment and told the audience that Mr. Fay would not appear and that they could get back their money at the box-office. The next day, Hollywood heard that Barbara Stanwyck was sick. And ill she certainly was. When her last pic-

ture, "Ladies They Talk About," was previewed several nights later, Barbara was present, but pale and wan.

Some of the players in "Tattle Tales" tell a tale of a battle royal between the producer of the show and his star, Frank Fay, shortly before the curtain rose—and that Barbara was summoned to make peace. What passed between Hollywood's most devoted married couple is not known, but Frank apparently was in no mood to go on with the show. A few days later, Benny Rubin was hastily recruited to fill the vacant post of Chief Entertainer.



Longworth

Hollywood gossips have it that Barbara's recent illness was caused by Frank's suddenly leaving revue in which he was starring. Barbara says she had the "flu"

The rumor that Barbara's illness was induced by Frank's leaving the show can probably be traced to the couple's devotion to each



Lippman

That "happy, though married" line has always applied to Frank Fay and Barbara Stanwyck, and it is difficult now to credit divorce rumors. They recently adopted a baby boy

other. For it is well-proved fact that, Barbara's career, compared to her husband's, means little to her.

Several months ago, after completing an independently-made picture, "A Fool's Advice," Frank decided on a vaudeville tour. Barbara wanted to appear with him, and her insistence won over the studio. Thereupon, Hollywood and other cities were treated to the remarkable spectacle of a great dramatic actress clowning—even doing cartwheels—in vaudeville, as she had done years before when she was an unskilled partner in Frank Fay's act.

The Hollywood Athletic Club is frequently the resort of husbands who are parting from their wives. And when word went around that Frank Fay was staying for several days at the Athletic Club after his withdrawal from "Tattle Tales,"

the rumor of an impending separation between the Fays (who recently adopted a baby boy) was launched. But we venture to predict that the rumor was wrong. Such devotion as that which Barbara Stanwyck has for Frank Fay is not lightly tossed aside. Hollywood, grown cynical from many overthrown loves, pins its faith to the devotion between these two.



GWILI ANDRE KEEPS HUGHES, "MOVIES' MOST ELIGIBLE BACHELOR," GUESSING

Howard Hughes, Wealthy Young Producer And Discoverer Of Jean Harlow, Shows Keen Interest In Starlet, But She Dodges Meeting—Wants To Succeed By Ability, Not Politics—Also, Her Time Is Taken Up With Willis Goldbeck, Scenarist

By SONIA LEE

GWILI ANDRE evidently believes that politics belong in Washington, for she has refused to play Hollywood politics. Certainly, she amazed Hollywood when she continued elusive for a week, while Howard Hughes—the young millionaire producer and "Hollywood's most eligible bachelor"—made frantic efforts to meet her.

With her contract near expiration at RKO, and with a record of disappointing screen characterizations, any girl in Gwili's place might well have been forgiven for turning mental somersaults at the thought that Howard Hughes, with a record of lavish picture-making and productive oil-wells, was interested in arranging a meeting with her.

Not only Howard Hughes, but his attorney, made a concentrated effort to bring about an introduction to the beautiful Danish girl, whose salary was more than \$25,000 when studio scouts discovered her earning her living as New York's highest-paid dress model. When it was suggested by RKO that if Mr. Hughes was interested in Miss Andre as an actress, he might take up the matter with the business department, he replied that he wanted to know her informally.

For a week, the incredible hide-and-seek continued. Miss Andre was somewhere at the studio, but could not be located. Miss Andre might be home at six. As a matter of fact, Miss Andre is rumored to have left town for a few days to avoid pursuit. But, eventually, a



Bachrach

Howard Hughes' interest in Gwili Andre boosted her screen stock—but it didn't disrupt her romance with Willis Goldbeck



Howard Hughes



Willis Goldbeck

clever hostess arranged a party to bring about their meeting.

Hollywood, *en masse*, has long since learned that not all great picture careers are carved on the screen. Even a producer's casual interest is a matter for

silent prayer and earnest hope. Yet this girl, who needed a splendid rôle, who might well become a sensation in the right picture, continued indifferent.

Undoubtedly, Gwili has the potential elements of stardom. Howard Hughes has never been accused of lack of vision. He made "Hell's Angels," and Hollywood prophesied that he would never get back half his

investment; but to-day the receipts from that epic are well in the black. He was the gentleman who first sized up Jean Harlow at her platinum worth. He discovered the electric Ann Dvorak in a gangling young girl. And so Hollywood, respecting Hughes' discernment as it does, was "stunned" by Gwili Andre's extraordinary lack of concern over his patent curiosity about her.

The most valid reason for Gwili's retreat, undoubtedly, is that she is aware how quickly Hollywood tongues begin to wag. And then again, her greatest desire is to achieve stardom—whether under contract to Mr. Hughes, or with some other studio—not because she makes the right moves on the political chessboard, but because of her worth as an actress!

Also, Gwili may be too much interested in Willis Goldbeck, scenario writer

and her constant companion, to be interested in the possible attentions of even "Hollywood's most eligible bachelor." And, meanwhile, how is Howard Hughes bearing up? Apparently very well—for he is now paying marked attention to Marian Marsh!

Gwili may have kept Howard Hughes guessing, but she has had Hollywood guessing ever since she arrived several months ago. She has appeared in public very little, and lives very quietly—always a puzzling characteristic in a beauty. She has dodged interviewers, with the result that Hollywood has tried to guess what secrets she is hiding. There has been a rumor of a marriage in the East—but no husband has been discovered, and Gwili has not bothered to set Hollywood straight on the point. When better baffling is done, Gwili will do it!

LILA LEE'S MARRIAGE TO DIRECTOR WILL END FOUR-CORNERED ROMANCE

Wedding Of Actress And George Hill Will Mean Finish Of Rumors That She Might Reconcile With John Farrow, Scenario Writer, And That George Might Remarry Frances Marion, Also A Scenarist—Lila Plans To Retire From Screen

By JOAN STANDISH

LILA LEE is going to marry George Hill. She has a new diamond ring to emphasize the fact. Even by the time this story reaches print, Lila and her director-bridegroom may be on the high seas, en route to the Orient on their honeymoon. And this most definitely should end all the rumors about this romance, which have involved two other people almost as much as Lila and George.

The marriage will, for one thing, put a stop to all talk that George Hill is "making up" with his former wife, Frances Marion, the scenarist, and that they are planning to remarry. It will also silence all reports that the "romance" between Lila and George was merely a friendship and that her real heart-throb was her former ardent flame, writer John Farrow.

It was to John Farrow that Lila, who was divorced from James Kirkwood in 1930, announced her engagement and approaching marriage when she first returned to Hollywood last year after two years of health recuperation in an Arizona sanitarium. Everyone knew that Lila and Johnny had been in love for a long time—for at least a year before Lila's health had forced her to leave the screen. Certainly, there was little doubt that Lila thought much of the popular and very British Mr. Farrow.

But the romance between Lila and Johnny had always been stormy. And when Lila returned to Hollywood, it evidently picked up where it

had left off. It was during one of their numerous disagreements that Lila met George Hill, then just recently divorced from Frances Marion. The columnists dusted off their "that way" rumors, not failing, however, to drop casual hints about the possi-

George Hill



Frances Marion



the Lee-Hill romance had just reached the persistent state when Mr. Farrow decided to return. Now, everyone is wondering if his return hastened Mr. Hill's decision to put that all-important

sparkler on the correct finger of Lila's hand.

"I'm planning to retire from the screen for good," said Lila, when she announced her engagement. "I have never been so happy in my life, and I don't want anything, even studio work, to take my attention away from the happiness of being merely George's wife. I'm a little tired of working, anyway—I've worked ever since I was a child. After our honeymoon trip, George, of course, will return to Hollywood to make more pictures and so I will keep in contact with the movies even if it is 'second-hand.'"

In the meantime, John Farrow has been escorting Anna May Wong to various places of interest in Hollywood, and Frances Marion is very busy working on movie scripts for United Artists and M-G-M stars.

If Lila does carry out her intention to retire from the screen, it will be for the reason she gives—and not

for reasons of health. After leaving the Arizona sanitarium, she spent several weeks in the South Seas to make her recovery complete. And, as if to prove the excellent condition of her health, she has made ten pictures in less than ten months, since her recovery. Her most recent appearance has been in "Face in the Sky."



Lila Lee discovered George Hill after break with John Farrow, and George discovered Lila after divorce from Francis Marion



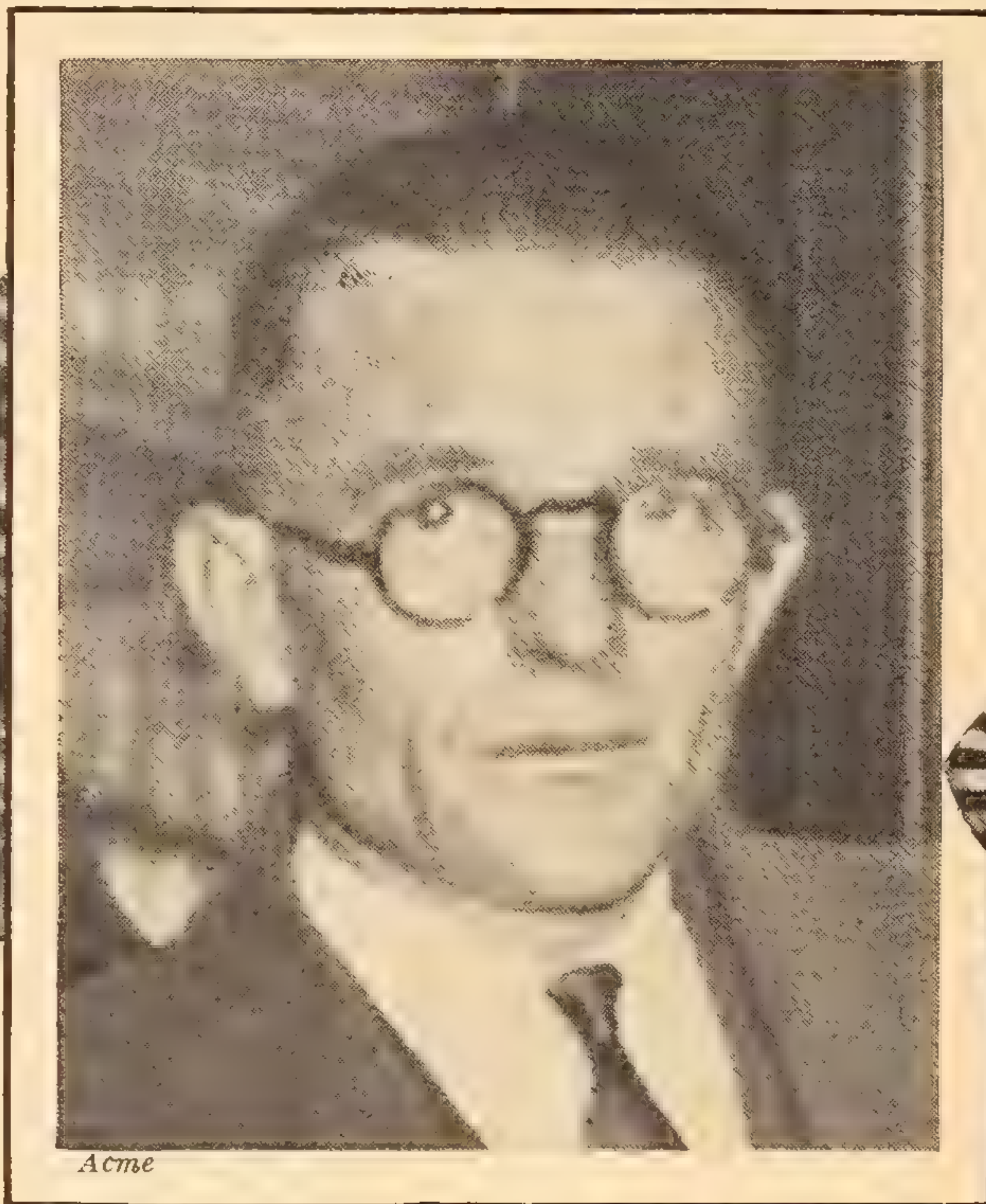
John Farrow

bility of a reconciliation between George Hill and Frances Marion or between Lila and Johnny.

Right in the midst of the rumorings, Mr. Farrow went off to England for a vacation. However, Hollywood knows that he spent a great deal of money, 'phoning Lila from London. And the reports about the progress of



Center, Robert E. Burns, who played the real-life rôle of "I Am a Fugitive from a Chain Gang." To left and right, the chain gang of the picture, with Paul Muni to the fore



By
DORIS JANEWAY



"FUGITIVE FROM CHAIN GANG" DARED CAPTURE BY HIDING IN HOLLYWOOD

Robert E. Burns, Upon Whose Autobiography Paul Muni Film Was Based, Faced Danger To Be In Hollywood During Making Of Picture—But Constant Fear Of Publicity Frayed His Nerves And Drove Him To Seek Refuge In New Jersey

LAST summer, for several weeks, Hollywood's strange and cosmopolitan citizenry was increased by a man who started at every quick footstep behind him and dodged every sudden shadow cast by the California sun. Studio executives had urged him not to risk a trip to California, but he wanted to have a hand in the filming of the best-seller he had written. He begged Warners to give him the position of technical director for the picture, but was refused.

The reason? The man, Robert E. Burns, was an escaped convict, wanted by the Georgia authorities. At the first suspicion that he was in Hollywood, the studio knew, steps would be taken to extradite him.

Since the recent arrest of the "fugitive from a Georgia chain gang" in the East, and his temporary reprieve through the refusal of Governor Moore of New Jersey to sign extradition papers sending him back to the prison camp, wild tales have been afloat of Burns' life in Hollywood. It is said, for example, that he was hidden on the studio lot.

This is only a picturesque fable. Robert E. Burns lived in an apartment not far from the studio. And few knew of his presence. Stars are natural celebrity-hunters, and if anyone had heard of his presence in Hollywood he would probably have been besieged by stars' press-agents. His proximity was a well-kept secret.

Burns' troubles had made him nervous, eccentric, irritable. He was continually looking out of windows and over his shoulder. And being without studio experience, he made impractical suggestions about the film treatment of his book. It was with many sighs of relief that, one morning, a member of the scenario department received a note: "Things are getting too hot for me here. I'm moving on."

Paul Muni, who played the hero of the picture, met and talked with Burns. He was convinced of the authenticity of the incidents in the book, but was inclined to feel that Burns over-idealized himself. When the fugitive was apprehended, Muni refused to be drawn into the resultant

controversy. Mervyn Le Roy, the director, took sides with Burns.

Hollywood's sense of the dramatic was inflamed by the capture of the fugitive. David Selznick offered five thousand dollars to head a subscription list to aid Burns' fight for freedom. Dozens of the biggest stars sent telegrams, urging Governor Moore not to sign extradition papers.

Burns, who saw the picture representing his tragic life-story in the East, was delighted with it. At present, living in seclusion, he is writing a sequel to it.

In Hollywood, the town where publicity reaches its zenith, he probably felt more in danger than anywhere else he might have been—with the possible exception of Georgia. He had no way of knowing when the story of his presence in Hollywood might break. He fled to San Francisco and made his way East by devious detours on the comparatively unwatched Northern lines to New Jersey, where he had influential friends, sworn to stand by him if he were ever apprehended.

IN THE SPRING, A YOUNG WOMAN'S FANCY—

Lightly turns to thoughts of some new clothes. It isn't exactly Spring yet, of course, but Kay Francis never knows when Spring fever is going to hit her—so she has done her shopping early, to be sure she'll enjoy the vernal urge in 1933 style. She's looking for the first robin in a coat dress of rough crêpe, in white, dark blue and hyacinth. You may get a peek at it in "The Keyhole"—which is the "homecoming" picture of Warners' best-dressed star, after her triumphs elsewhere in "Trouble in Paradise" and "Cynara"

Elmer Fryer





Ray Jones

What's more French than a chaise longue, or a Fifi—even if one does come from Grand Rapids, and the other from Montreal? That's a hard one to answer, as you'll discover in "They Just Had to Get Married"—in which Fifi proves that old proverb, "When the mistress is away, the maid will play." Celebrating, maybe, that now she's an American citizen. Give a rah-rah-rah and an oo-la-la!

FIFI DORSAY



Ray Jones

MERNA KENNEDY

Shure, and with St. Patrick's Day and St. Valentine's Day on hand, 'tis only natural to give a thought to the Irish. And faith, there's nary a lass in Hollywood who's more of a mavourneen than Merna of the reddish hair. She's as Irish as the Blarney Stone—and even more kissable. And she's Erin (hearin', to you) that she's only a Blarney Stone's throw away from stardom, after "Laughter in Hell"



Portraits by C. S. Bull

He may be little, but oh, how he packs that double-barreled sex-appeal—the kind that goes across with men, just as much as with women! Then, too, like Clark, he has so much personality that, in any rôle, he's still himself. Wonder which will draw the bigger crowds—Jackie with Colleen Moore in "Lost," or his big pal, Clark, with Helen Hayes in "The White Sister"?

**IS JACKIE COOPER
GABLE'S BIG RIVAL?**



THE MARRYING MAN AND THE MENACE

There are two kinds of love—the Bruce Cabot kind and the George Raft kind. And which will YOU have? Bruce's smile makes you feel that he'd risk his life for you, as he did for Fay Wray in "King Kong." But flirt with George, and you flirt with danger. He's a love-'em-and-leave-'em lad—whom Miriam Hopkins will love to reform in "The Story of Temple Drake"!



In the interview across the page, Will claims he never did get to meet all the stars in the all-star "State Fair." Believe it or not. It's certain that he met Janet, anyway—seein' as how she plays his daughter (who's also his pal) and goes to the Iowa fair with him when he exhibits his prize hog. And it's rumored Janet and Will are the most down-to-earth pair in the movies. You'll see!

**JANET GAYNOR
AND
WILL ROGERS**

WILL ROGERS Talks About Pigs, Politics and Movies

Will claims, "I only know what I see in the papers." And most people know Will only through his newspaper and radio ramblings, and his screen rôles. But here is one of those rare Rogers interviews—with Will saying some rare things, which will help you to know him better!

BY EDWIN SCHALLERT

WILL ROGERS OPINES:

"Hoover had to conduct a sort of lone fight, which, with the radio reaching everybody, is terrible difficult. Same voice, saying much the same thing, all the time. In the days of stump-speaking around the country, it was possible for one man to get away with it, but not now.

"The Democrats had the cast, and they also had the show. This politics is a show, you know, sometimes a 'Follies' show.

"A hog's at his best when he's on a plate between a couple of eggs.

"Me and the hog nap along together. I'll do anything they want, even to wrestling with the boar, but I never read the script or the book. I never do, because I don't want to be disappointed in the picture.

"They always clean up stories for the movies, and when they get through cleaning, there's generally nothing left except the same old plot.

"If they put on a fair back in Iowa, they brag because they have fifty prize hogs; out here in California they don't bother about hogs, but drag out fifty movie stars."

NOW A DAYS, writers simply don't interview Will Rogers. It's so much better to catch him un-awares. He is an elusive critter, this famous American humorist—elusive particularly when it comes to talking for publication; but the wise-cracks fall right and left when there are no note-books to capture his sage and wily sayings. So I left my pencil and paper at home—and found out what he has to say in private about politics, not to mention pigs, movies, and this business of acting.

I found him on the set of "State Fair." He was comfortably stretched out on a bunk in a pig sty. Warily, he opened one eye and looked in my direction.

"H'lo; how are y'h," he said, half-sleepily, shifting a newspaper that he had on his chest. "How's everything?"

There was a true rustic cordiality in his voice, and as I leaned over the enclosure of the sty, we talked. First, Rogers was prone; then, as conversation progressed, he sat up, and after a while he

(Continued on page 64)



Meet Will Rogers' new "ham" fellow-actor—Blue Boy, his 900-pound pal in "State Fair"



STEPPING DOWN

When you see "42nd Street," you see the first time, the drama behind the revue. Every principal in the big show has a role to play. And Bebe Daniels, above—has a role that can live their rôles! And every one of them might never have passed. Below, the girls who can. At the left, top to bottom, you see Ruth Eddings, Adele Lacey—and Ruth Eddings. And opposite them, just to distract you, you see Coonan, Toby Wing—and Ginger.





N "42nd STREET"

ners' newest spectacle, you'll see,
the production of a big Broadway
st—like Ruby Keeler, George Brent
e through the Broadway mill. They
us girl has passed tests that Venus
u see a good round dozen of them.
re privileged to gaze upon Ruth
Keeler, of "Follies" dancing fame.
you, stand (top to bottom) Dorothy
ogers, of "Scandals" dancing fame





Bachrach

Why Is LESLIE HOWARD the Man of the Moment?

Leslie, himself, won't admit that he is—but there is no other actor on the screen (not even Gable) who is so much in demand by women stars, directors and writers. Leslie won't admit a thing except that he's an actor who knows his craft—but between the lines of this interview you'll find the answers to the question!

By GLADYS HALL

WHY is Leslie Howard the Man of the Moment in Hollywood? That is what people are asking themselves—and others.

Why do all the lady stars want Leslie Howard and none other to play opposite them? Why did Mary Pickford, with all the possible Gary Coopers and Weldon Heyburns and Lyle Talbots and other handsome he-men to choose from, select Leslie Howard above them all to play her adventurer-husband in "Secrets?"

Why do all the companies dicker for him, frantically? Why do all the directors sigh for him? Why do all the writers get down on their knees and pray that he and no one else will star in their "Animal Kingdoms" and "Berkeley Squares," et cetera?

Marion Davies is said to have remarked that she learned more from Leslie Howard when he was playing with her in "Five and Ten" than she had ever learned from anyone else, at any time. Which was flattering to Mr. Howard, but hardly explained why *all* the women stars want him as a co-star. It would be nice to believe that the stars go through life consumed with a passion for learning, but this is scarcely true, I fear.

Leslie is slender, and a gentleman. He doesn't talk or look or act as if he would be the Life of the Party. The strength of his face and the grace of his body are not theatrical, but the strength and the grace of breeding. He is quiet. He is domestic. He is reticent. His passions are for country homes (in England, where he has one), for his children, for books and plays, and for as much seclusion as possible. He has none of the vivid appeal of a Gable or the debonair come-hither of a Chevalier. He appeals to the mind, rather than to the

blood. He speaks to the spirit, rather than to the flesh. Which is something, if you pause to consider it, that few picture actors have ever done—successfully. George Arliss is, perhaps, the one other exception.

I think I know, however, why Leslie Howard is the Man of the Moment. I asked him point-blank. And though he disclaimed the title, I think that, while talking with him, I stumbled on the answers to this question. I'll tell you about our talk first and then, at the end, I'll give you what I feel to be the answers.

Pays Tribute to Mary

ON the way to his portable dressing-room off the set of "Secrets," I stopped for a moment to talk with Mary Pickford, resting between scenes—Mary looking younger than she looked fifteen years ago and photographing even younger than that. At the moment, she was reclining in a deck chair on the set, talking with the Countess Di Frasso and director Frank Borzage. Mary said to me, "I should have played this deck-chair scene romantically. I was imagining I was with Douglas."

In the dressing-room, Leslie Howard said to me, "I like doing this picture with Miss Pickford. It's an experience I wouldn't have missed. You know, Mary Pickford will go down in history. She has *made* history—and deservedly. She is one of the most extraordinary women I have ever known. Her mind works like the mind of a man—in an exquisitely feminine body."

It was then that I came to the point and to the question. I said abruptly, "Why do you think you are the Man of the Moment in Hollywood? Why do you think that every star from Mary Pickford down would rather

(Continued on page 76)



Hurrell

**QUICK!
WHO IS IT?**

Just for a moment, at first glance, did you think it was Garbo? Remember how we told you, a couple of months ago, "Any Girl Can Look Like Garbo—Maybe"? Well, here's Claire Windsor to bear out our words! It's a sort of little reminder that Claire, like Greta, has been away a long, long time. Only in Claire's case, it has been years. But she's coming back in "Auction in Souls"



She aims—or should we say Ames?—to prove that Katharine Hepburn isn't the only girl from Park Avenue who knows how to act in movie society. And while she's about it, Adrienne will make Lilyan Tashman look to those fashion laurels, too. In only a few months, she has come to look so much like a young star that she plays the movie-star rôle in the studio mystery, "The Death Kiss"

ADRIENNE AMES



Bachrach

ANN HARDING

Ann was the star—along with Leslie Howard—whose picture, "The Animal Kingdom," opened the world's newest and most beautiful movie theatre: the RKO Roxy in Radio City, New York. On top of that honor, she is now enjoying a rest, awaiting her next picture. And, meanwhile, not denying a rumor that she and Harry Bannister may reconcile. Wonder if it's so? Well, you never can tell!

The Headline Career of MARY and DOUG 1927-1933

As compiled by MURIEL BABCOCK



International

December 21, 1932—With typical Fairbanks gusto, Doug arrives in New York from latest trip around world, in time to spend Christmas with Mary

THERE have been more headlines written about Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks—the king and queen of Hollywood's "Four Hundred"—than about any other pair in film history. For years upon years, Mary and Doug have occupied front-page space in newspapers printed in every language. Let Miss Pickford bob her famous curls, let Mr. Fairbanks board a ship for China or India—and the headline-writers have a "line" for the day.

In the beginning, they won this newspaper

Below, the Mary Pickford of the famous long curls—which fell to a barber's floor in Chicago in June, 1928, Mary announcing that henceforth she would play "grown-up romances." Right, a picture of Mary taken only a few days ago, just after she completed "Secrets." Many think she looks even younger now

recognition by their professional activities. Mary was "America's Sweetheart" (a name first thought of by Sid Grauman, the showman); Doug was "the actor-athlete," famous for his leaping. Their romance, beset by legal difficulties in the



Nevada divorce courts, where Mary won her freedom from Owen Moore, occupied columns.

To get the background of their romance, perhaps we should briefly review the important dates of their early life. On July 11, 1906, Douglas Fairbanks married Ann Beth Sully, daughter of Daniel Sully, "cotton king." On January 17, 1911, Mary Pickford married Owen Moore, screen actor. On March 5, 1919 Douglas Fairbanks was divorced from Mrs. Beth Sully Fairbanks, who won cus-



Rahmn

October, 1929—Mary and Doug appear as co-stars for the first and only time, in a talkie version of Shakespeare's "Taming of the Shrew." Below, November, 1932—Mary, on set of "Secrets," accepts invitation to be first woman grand marshal of Tournament of Roses Parade

today of their son, Douglas, Jr. (The first Mrs. Fairbanks married Jack Whiting, musical comedy juvenile, in 1929.) On March 2, 1920, Mary Pickford, under her real name, Gladys M. Smith Moore, was granted a divorce from Owen Moore at Minden, Nevada. On March 30, 1920, at a Beverly Hills dinner, Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks announced that they had been married on March 28.

Since 1927, they have settled down—not to obscurity, as you will discover by reading their headline history, but to social, civic and traveling prominence, all of which carries a glamour of its own.



January, 1932 — Doug and Mary start remodeling "Pickfair," expecting famous guests for Olympic Games



1927—With Doug looking on, Mary operates steam shovel that breaks ground for new Los Angeles theatre, which later opens with "My Best Girl"

comparable to that attained by titled folk of the Continent; of wealth, comparable to that amassed by the Morgans and Vanderbilts; of increasing civic responsibility, comparable to that enjoyed by the political moguls of these United States.

Reading this story, told in the brief, staccato lines of the caption and headline writers, you may well wonder what lies ahead of Mary and Doug:

May 3, 1927—Mary Pickford will have honor of planting first tree in new Los Angeles Botanical Gardens
(Continued on page 56)



Russell Ball

MAUREEN O'SULLIVAN

There's an Irish tilt to her chin, an Irish lilt to her eyes, and, as if her name isn't Irish enough now, they do say she's about to add another good old Gaelic tag to the end of it. She and James Dunn are even suspected of having Dunn it already—after a romance that has been as rocky as that well-known road to Dublin.—And if you don't think she has the luck of the Irish in her career, too, listen to the news that Johnny Weissmuller is to woo her a SECOND time in "Tarzan and His Mate"!



Far From Home, But Near to *Stardom*

Six months ago, Hollywood had never heard of Diana Wynyard, from London—and now she's the talk of the town. Without a bit of "pull," she has walked off with three of the year's biggest rôles; she has been praised by the Barrymores; and it looks as if she'll be the next star. The girl must be clever and "different"! And she is—as this story tells you!

By CHARLES GRAYSON

Director Frank Lloyd called Diana Wynyard "the one woman in the world" who could play the difficult rôle of the heroine in "Cavalcade." Now she is scheduled to play the heroine in "Reunion in Vienna," with John Barrymore, with whom she started her screen career in "Rasputin and The Empress." (She played the *Grand Duchess*.) We take pleasure in presenting a revealing close-up of this English girl who has won the praise of the Barrymores and looks like as much of a sensation as Katharine Hepburn.—*Editor*.

WHEN two major studios feature her almost simultaneously in three of their most super productions, when the reigning family of the dramatic world declare her the find of the year, when in a brief stage engagement she captured New York as completely as she already had taken London—then, my friends, you have an actress as is an actress. You have, in fact, a Diana Wynyard.

The Hollywood success of this young lady has been such as to make that word "sensational" seem woefully inadequate. When half the town's feminine contingent were casting hopeful eyes toward certain featured rôles in "Rasputin and the Empress," "Cavalcade"



Diana Wynyard as Jane Marryot in "Cavalcade"—a rôle two hundred actresses wanted

Right, Diana Wynyard in person—the girl whose future doesn't worry her, if she can do what she likes

and "Reunion in Vienna," Diana chased out and captured all three! Very thorough, these English—and Diana is as English as roast mutton, punting on the Thames, or afternoon tea.

She was born in London, January 16, 1906, the daughter of a business man of that city, and, unlike so many who have launched themselves successfully in the theatrical profession, she had a normal, happy, carefree childhood, living with her family in various parts of London and England. During the War her father was a member of the Royal Army Service Corps. While he was away, Diana, her mother and sister lived with a grandmother near the Woolwich Arsenal. For many months her nights were filled with the sound of raiding enemy Zeppelins and the noise of exploding bombs.

At that time Diana gave an early example of one of her most pronounced traits, a complete lack of superstition. With her father at the front and in daily danger, she deliberately would walk under ladders—those ancient omens of ill-luck—defiantly proving her utter lack of fear. And this same bravery has stood her in good stead ever since, although her casual habit of whistling in dressing-rooms (the most marked of theatrical superstitions) usually arouses the homicidal tendencies of her fellow-performers. But

(Continued on page 77)



Phyfe



Above, Clyde Beatty with Nero, the lion that once saved his life when a tigress attacked him. Top, the opening scene of "The Big Cage," in which Beatty, unarmed, faces forty-four "natural enemies"

Meet CLYDE BEATTY, Who Has Hollywood's Most Dangerous Job!

Frank Buck may bring 'em back alive, but Beatty is the chap who tames 'em. And you'll hold your breath when you see how he does it in "The Big Cage"—the picture based on his life. He enters a cage with forty-four lions and tigers—the most dangerous combination in circus history—and never knows if he'll come out alive. He has had twenty-five close calls!

BY LEE TOWNSEND

CLYDE BEATTY—this man who lives danger—has given Hollywood a new thrill. There are many dangerous jobs in the picture game. But for the most part they seem only the occupations of effeminate mollicoddles beside that of this slim, small young man whose great circus film, "The Big Cage," is destined to thrill people all over the world. Beatty is an actor, a trouper, too; but he differs from the usual player of arduous parts in that every second of his show is fraught with danger of the sharpest kind!

If you think this an exaggeration, let me point out that when you see this curly-haired, twenty-seven-year-old chap do his stuff, you are witnessing something that

animal trainers always have held to be impossible. Armed only with a frail chair and a whip, Beatty goes into the barred enclosure for his great act with a crew of forty-four mixed animals that are natural enemies—lions, tigers and leopards. Added to this, he further courts danger by mixing the sexes among his beasts, always held to be fatal in animal acts. That is why Beatty enters the ring uncertain if he is to emerge alive. That is why he has made twenty-five trips to the hospital to have his small body patched together again.

"The Big Cage" is based on Clyde's life. And what a life this boy has led! Born in Chillicothe, Ohio, June 10, 1905, he was educated in the local schools, and engaged in all the normal activities of any American small-town boy—except for one thing. He was always fascinated by the idea of training animals.

He had a passion to know about fur-bearing creatures, to study them. When his parents took him to Cincinnati,

(Continued on page 66)

**AS YOU
DESIRE ME**



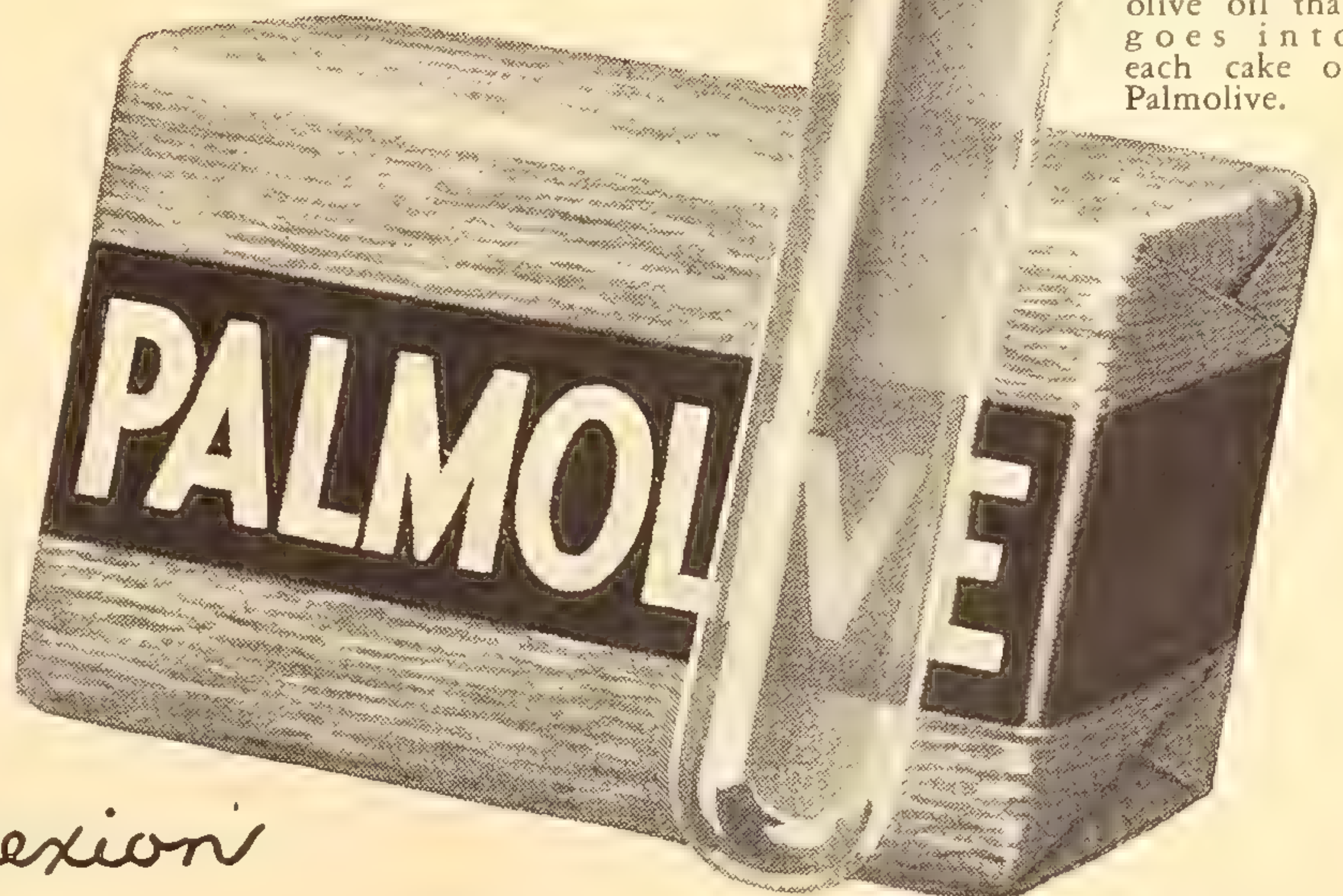
To make your skin and you lovely—try
this 30-day treatment experts prescribe

OLIVE OIL helps to avoid aging skin. Olive oil has a flattering way of putting youth into your skin, of keeping it there.

That is exactly why over 20,000 beauty specialists advise Palmolive Soap—because Palmolive is the soap made with olive oil. They say the lather of this beauty soap puts youth's elasticity and firmness back into the skin.

Do this for 30 days: night and morning, work up a fine, rich lather and give the pores of your whole body (not merely your face and throat) a deep, refreshing cleansing.

There's a challenge to age, all right! Tingling vitality underneath and smooth, delicate, surface softness—a combination that makes your skin, and you, lovely, desirable!



**THIS
EXACT
AMOUNT**

Actual photograph of the amount of olive oil that goes into each cake of Palmolive.

Keep that Schoolgirl Complexion

"How can I win

You will want to share the screen stars' secret of winning—and holding—admiration! It is so vitally important to a woman's happiness to know she is truly attractive. Read what the exquisitely lovely Claire Windsor has to say. She tells you how to have the most important feminine charm of all—and how to *keep it* in spite of birthdays.



*Here's one secret
you MUST know*

CLAIRE WINDSOR *replies*

"I WANT your advice," thousands of women write to Claire Windsor. "How can I become truly attractive? How can I win admiration—and how can I hold it?"

"You can be attractive at any age. Birthdays haven't a thing to do with it," Claire Windsor replies. "Provided, of course, you are careful to guard complexion beauty!"

"A fresh, youthful skin is quite the most compelling charm a woman can have . . . Screen and stage stars know the secret—and *keep* this youthful charm right through the years."

Claire Windsor, like so many other fascinating stars, actually grows *lovelier* as years pass by!

How does this charming star keep her skin so glamorous?

"I use a very simple care, but I use it regularly," she says. "Lux Toilet Soap keeps my skin in wonderful condition."

*Have YOU tried the
Beauty Soap of the Stars?*

Hollywood's beautiful stars have found fragrant, white Lux Toilet

Soap the very finest complexion care. Of the 694 important actresses, including all stars, 686 use this luxurious soap *regularly*. This overwhelming verdict has made it the *official* soap in all the big film studios.

Naturally you will want to try it. Buy a few cakes today, use it regularly. The beauty soap of the stars is sure to make *your* skin glamorously smooth and fine!

9 out of 10 Screen Stars use

LUX Toilet Soap

Admiration?"

women write this
famous star

CLAIRE WINDSOR

This fascinating screen star declares any woman can win admiration—and *hold* it, too—if she knows how! "A fresh, youthful skin is quite the most compelling charm a woman can have," she says.





Then HER OWN LIPS told her... what was Wrong!

AFTER men knew her, they liked her. But even then, they complained. "Too much make-up... she ought to know better!" So she experimented. She tried different lipsticks on her own lips. She learned she was using not only "too much"... but *the wrong kind*. And more than that—she discovered the one lipstick that gives natural color... without the usual painted look!

Blame ordinary lipsticks!

Look at your own lips. Are they caked? Conspicuous with paint? Then switch to Tangee! For Tangee isn't paint. It actually brings out the natural color hidden in your own lips!

In the stick, Tangee is orange. On your lips, *your* shade of blush rose! The minute you put it on, Tangee changes to the perfect color for your complexion!

Use Tangee for lovable lips... glowing with natural color all day long! Costs no more than ordinary lipsticks. At drug stores and cosmetic counters.



Clip Coupon for Tangee Make-up Set

Easy to try Tangee! Mail coupon with 10c (stamps or coin) for Miracle Make-up Set containing trial-size Tangee Lipstick and Rouge Compact. Tangee Rouge sold at stores in economical refillable compact.

Keller, Sargent & Ross!
A Personality Trio that
tickled the high-hats of
Europe! Tues. and Thurs.
7:30 P. M. (E. S. T.)
Columbia Network



TANGEE

World's Most Famous Lipstick
ENDS THAT PAINTED LOOK

ONLY 10c! FOR MIRACLE MAKE-UP SET!

★ The George W. Luft Co., Inc. MP3
417 Fifth Ave., New York

I enclose 10c. Send Miracle Make-up Set
containing trial-size Tangee Lipstick
(Tangee Rouge Compact)

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

The Headline Career of Mary and Doug

(Continued from page 49)

in appreciation of her work in behalf of the park movement.

June 4, 1927—Douglas Fairbanks wounded by sabre in calf of leg during filming of "The Gaucho."

June 17, 1927—Police guard Mary Pickford, following report of plot to kidnap her.

July 21, 1927—Thirteen girls, who wrote best reasons for wanting to visit Hollywood, arrive to spend thirteen days as Mary Pickford's guests.

October 21, 1927—Douglas Fairbanks re-elected President of the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences.

November 2, 1927—Mary appears at City Hall to urge improvement and beautification of Sunset Boulevard, Hollywood.

November 10, 1927—Mary speaks at Community Chest meeting, to aid new drive.

November 17, 1927—Prince William of Sweden attends impromptu rodeo staged by Douglas Fairbanks and is his dinner guest.

December 26, 1927—Douglas gives Mary new model Ford sport coupe for Christmas, as result of special letter to Edsel Ford, who hurries car West.

December 27, 1927—United Artists Theatre dedicated with premiere of "My Best Girl," starring Mary Pickford, with Buddy Rogers as leading man. Mary delivers dedication address.

January 1, 1928—Doug sends check for \$11,819.14 to court and asks judge to decide which claimants, among several, should have money for installing sprinkler system on his ranch in the Rancho Santa Fe district. One company had contract, but their creditors have filed claims, etc., against Doug, who won't be annoyed.

February 9, 1928—Doug urges every boy in Los Angeles and Hollywood to compete for honors in Junior Olympic Games there.

March 9, 1928—Mrs. Charlotte Pickford Smith, mother of Mary Pickford, very ill.

March 23, 1928—Mary Pickford's mother dies. Funeral services to be simple.

March 27, 1928—Mary and Doug to travel, probably to Japan and India.

March 30, 1928—Mary named chief beneficiary in will of mother, whose middle name her children had taken for their last name and whose estate is estimated to be about three million. \$200,000 each to Lottie Pickford Gillard, Jack Pickford and Rosemary Pickford Gillard (granddaughter).

April 12, 1928—Doug and Mary plan air tour of Mediterranean this summer.

April 25, 1928—Doug fined ten dollars in city traffic court for speeding.

June 17, 1928—New York customs officials order held for further examination twelve trunks of gowns and other clothing belonging to Mary Pickford, who arrived from Europe with husband on S. S. Roma. Miss Pickford says low figures in her declaration were due to fact that she received special prices from merchants abroad. She estimated value of her importations between \$6,000 and \$7,000.

June 20, 1928—Uncle Sam concedes that Mary knows her bargains, but at the same time tacks on an extra \$2,000 duty charge, making total of \$3,900. Officials assess on value, rather than on purchase price.

June 23, 1928—Mary has famous curls cut in Chicago. No details of her emotional reactions, but business-like wire to studio says that for future screen vehicles she will choose grown-up romances, retaining the wholesome spirit of her previous efforts. Bob, "not like rest of them," is of shoulder length and can be worn in roll at back of neck in daytime and in short curls at night.

July 22, 1928—George Bernard Shaw, famous Irish dramatist, accepts an invitation to visit "Pickfair" sometime during the next year, despite his oft-repeated

assertion that he would never visit America.

September 2, 1928—"Coquette," play in which Helen Hayes starred on stage, purchased for Mary at cost of more than \$100,000.

September 13, 1928—Prince George of England is guest of Douglas Fairbanks at studio and later at dinner.

September 30, 1928—Duke of Apulia, second cousin of King Victor Emmanuel of Italy, and wife register at Biltmore Hotel as Count and Countess Della Cisterni. They spent yesterday with Douglas Fairbanks and Mary Pickford. Sir Austen Chamberlain and party, also visitors in Los Angeles, will leave tomorrow night for San Francisco after being entertained by Fairbanks. Lawrence Chamberlain presented with rawhide whip made famous in "The Gaucho."

October 25, 1928—Mary to appear before Internal Revenue Bureau in effort to convince government that her company is not in arrears for 1922-1926 income taxes.

October 26, 1928—Mary and Doug are luncheon guests of President and Mrs. Coolidge.

October 30, 1928—Fairbanks re-elected President of Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences.

February 7, 1929—Doug conducts lecture class at University of Southern California on "Photoplay Appreciation." Two thousand students attend.

February 9, 1929—Twenty-five girls en route from as many cities to be guests of Mary Pickford, as winners of her "Popularity" contest.

February 24, 1929—Doug poses with two champions of last year's Junior Olympics.

April 4, 1929—Mary makes talkie debut in "Coquette" in premiere held in Los Angeles. Crowds gather despite rain.

April 9, 1929—Mary to lecture on early days of film industry at Hollywood High.

April 13, 1929—Mary and Doug to co-star for first time in talkie version of Shakespeare's "Taming of the Shrew."

April 17, 1929—Mary protests against cement plant in Santa Monica Mountains.

June 4, 1929—Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., now famous on the screen in his own right, marries Joan Crawford, M-G-M's dancing daughter. Rumored that Doug and Mary are none too well pleased, but paternal blessing is forthcoming.

September 5, 1929—Mary and Doug set sail for Europe, accompanied by Mary's niece, "Gwynne" Pickford, who will enter school in Switzerland.

September 17, 1929—Mary listed as one of four hundred people in the United States and Canada holding life insurance of \$1,000,000.

October 17, 1929—Rumored that Mary will come home from Europe while Doug continues on to India. Separation?

November 14, 1929—Both Mary and Doug continue with trip. Now in Cairo on way around world.

December 2, 1929—Stay of Mary and Doug in Shanghai shortened to one day because of agitation in favor of boycotting them on ground that a Chinese sequence in "The Thief of Bagdad" was derogatory to dignity of Chinese.

January 4, 1930—Mary and Doug reach home. Writer points out that for years they have had to play lovers for the public, and suggests that maybe "Taming of the Shrew" enabled them to get a little emotional strain out of their systems. Mary became shrewish, and gallant Doug dumped his bride among the pigs.

February 2, 1930—Mary and Doug plan to adopt one or perhaps two children, they say.

(Continued on page 58)

YEARS ALONE DO NOT DATE YOUR FACE but DRY Skin does



● "Even with your mask on, I knew you," he cried. "Your lovely complexion gave you away!" Only when the oil glands are functioning *actively* can you hope to keep the skin that thrills the touch—the skin of velvety texture, luscious freshness, firm, unlined contours!

New ingredient in Woodbury's Cold Cream supplies vital element that keeps your skin supple, luscious, young.

Few are the women in America today between sixteen and sixty years who do not have to combat *skin dryness*. Nearly every influence of our hurried civilization contributes to the drying up of the oil glands that lie close under the skin. And yet the energetic functioning of these little glands is the one essential to skin youth. If they slow up, become inactive, the skin grows old, fades.

Now Woodbury's skin specialists have developed a new element, which keeps the little oil glands always active, functioning normally. This new Element 576, never before used in any face cream, now comes in Woodbury's famous Cold Cream.

The principle of this ingredient is the same as that of the vitamins which come to your body in certain of the foods you eat. Now this principle acts *directly* on your *skin*. With the new Element 576, Woodbury's Cold Cream

penetrates your skin, vitalizes it, rouses it to vigorous, healthy action.

Now your use of Woodbury's Cold Cream proves doubly effective. It clears the pores more effectually of dirt, frees them of blackheads and blemishes. More than these, it rouses the sluggish oil glands to greater action, preventing dryness, fading, premature skin age.

Begin today to use Woodbury's Cold Cream (night and morning and after exposure) for cleansing your skin, and renewing the life-giving action of your oil glands, for keeping your skin lusciously fresh, unlined and young! 50¢ in big jars, 25¢ in convenient tubes. At all drug and department stores.



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WOODBURY'S FACIAL CREAM... a fine finishing cream for use as powder base and as protection from winds and dust. 50¢ in jars—25¢ in tubes.

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WOODBURY'S FACIAL POWDER... exquisite in perfume, fine in texture—carefully blended shades. Spreads evenly, stays on, does not clog pores. 50¢ and \$1.00 the box.

FREE SAMPLE Use this coupon now for a trial tube of Woodbury's Cold Cream free—enough for several treatments. Or send 10 cents (to partly cover cost of mailing) and receive charming week-end kit containing generous samples of Woodbury's Creams, new Face Powder and Facial Soap.

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The Headline Career of Mary and Doug

(Continued from page 56)

March 6, 1930—Doug and Mary entertained Lady Mountbatten, pretty cousin of Prince of Wales, at dinner last night.

April 4, 1930—Mary gets gold statue from Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences for best performance of past year, in "Coquette."

April 19, 1930—Doug says he is soon going to Russia to confer with Serge Eisenstein, famous Soviet director, about handling his next picture.

May 28, 1930—Treasury Department recommends return of \$109,678 to Fairbanks for overpayments on income tax in 1924 and 1926.

May 30, 1930—Doug, back from a quick trip to Europe (without Mary) to see championship golf tournament, will fly to Hollywood. Will see Eisenstein there.

June 6, 1930—Western Association of Motion Picture Advertisers (the Wampas) names Mary Pickford honorary member. Nellie Revell, beloved newspaper woman, only other woman so honored.

July 10, 1930—Mary and Doug issue joint denial that they are to separate. Rumor had it that divorce was only three weeks off. Fairbanks calls it "annual report." Rumor of breach started when Doug went to Europe alone (for the first time) to see Walker Cup matches.

August 4, 1930—Trio of youthful bandits hold up and rob Fairbanks in beach home. Procure \$25 after threatening actor with revolver. Newspapermen amused that Doug didn't elude robbers with some of his agile acrobatics.

August 12, 1930—Mary abandons work on "Forever Yours" because of dissatisfaction with production. Step said to have cost her \$300,000. Will do "Kiki," instead.

August 23, 1930—Mary appears in Judge McComb's court to have name of her niece, Mary Charlotte Pickford, 14-year-old daughter of her sister, Lottie, legally changed to Gwynne Pickford.

November 18, 1930—Beverly Hills police rumored to have been "tipped off" about gangster plot to kidnap children of wealthy screen stars. Miss Pickford's ward, Gwynne, and Harold Lloyd's daughters, Mildred Gloria and Marjorie Elizabeth, said to be among those threatened—and now guarded.

December 5, 1930—"One thousand decorated living Christmas trees for this Christmas" is slogan of Beverly Hills committee. Mary Pickford is chairman.

December 8, 1930—Mary Pickford drops sealed box in cornerstone of new \$11,800,000 Los Angeles County General Hospital. Governor and other notables present.

December 10, 1930—Duke of Sutherland arrives for visit with Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks. Also plans to go deep-sea fishing, one of his hobbies.

December 15, 1930—Doug will sail on January 2 on big-game hunting expedition to Cambodia, Siam, French Indo-China and India. Party will be entertained by Emperor of Japan, King of Siam and Maharajahs of Rajputna and Baroda. Mary, planning new picture, will not go with him, but hopes to join him in Orient. Rumors of separation revive, and are quickly denied.

January 16, 1931—Mary and Doug are first to talk over ship-to-shore radio telephone—Doug being on *S. S. Belgenland*, near Honolulu, and Mary in New York.

January 22, 1931—Mary Pickford reported under armed guard in suite in New York hotel, as result of kidnap threats. Mary denies guards, pooh-poohs danger.

March 27, 1931—Doug kills huge panther in India. Is guest of Her Highness, Maharanee Sahiba, Regent of the State of Cooch Behar.

April 3, 1931—Doug now guest of

Maharajah of Patiala, one of the delegates to London Round Table Conference.

April 7, 1931—Doug is guest of the Viceroy, Lord Irwin, in Bombay, India.

April 27, 1931—Doug, in London after trip from Orient, reveals that Mary's will directs that all her films shall be destroyed after her death, because "her sole aim is to bring joy to the present generation." Says neither will make any more Shakespearean films.

April 28, 1931—Mary dashes through Chicago, en route to New York and London. "Just crazy to see Doug."

April 29, 1931—In New York, Mary confirms Doug's London statement about her will. Says she hopes to realize four ambitions when she retires: to take care of Doug's ranch, to take up interior decorating, to study music, and to manufacture cosmetics. Says that legal tangles connected with the cosmetics idea, her newest project, explain presence of her lawyer. Tells *World-Telegram* reporter, "For eleven years, Doug and I have had to deny reports of our divorce. No one can say how long a happy marriage can exist. But at present Doug and I are as happy as anyone ever was." Asked what she would like for an epitaph, she replies, "All I want is to be remembered by those who have seen me in pictures." Says that Hollywood took a step backward with sound.

May 18, 1931—Railroad station at Reading, England, is prosaic setting for reunion of Doug and Mary after four and a half months of separation. Doug, a surprise entrant in British Amateur Golf Tournament, was defeated in opening round to-day by J. R. Abercrombie.

June 2, 1931—Doug thinks new liner, *Empress of Britain*, on which he and Mary returned to America and which is largest ship built in Great Britain since the War, is too big. He told National Broadcasting Company to-day that it was so large he had to ask steward to point out the ocean. Reveals he filmed new picture on world trip.

June 20, 1931—Mary and Gene Ross, silhouette artist, who had sued her for \$315 that he claimed she owed him for twenty-one silhouettes, settle suit in name of charity. Both agree to donate sum of damages, \$315, to charity.

July 12, 1931—Mary visits youngsters at Assistance League nursery. Mary Pickford Sunshine Club formed. Money will be raised for charity by fines imposed for saying unkind words and for mentioning "Depression."

September 28, 1931—A 15,000-mile air venture into wilds of South America and the headwaters of the Amazon for new travelogue, is next on program for Fairbanks. Mary may accompany him.

November 2, 1931—Doug, in New York, says he will make no more romantic films. Tells reporters, "I'm not a serious artist at all. In a world such as this to-day, the new fiction is reality. No imaginary story about China is as exciting as China itself. If I can get away with it, I am going to travel." Intends to make no more studio pictures if public likes "Around the World in Eighty Minutes." Says Hollywood, since talkies, is not the place it used to be.

November 13, 1931—Mary lunches at White House with President and Mrs. Hoover. Doug arrives in Washington in afternoon in time to take Mary to theatre. Is about to start on new trip abroad.

November 17, 1931—Doug sails from New York, accompanied by brother Robert, director Lewis Milestone and writer Robert Benchley, to film new travel picture in Europe, Africa and Asia. Meanwhile, Mary

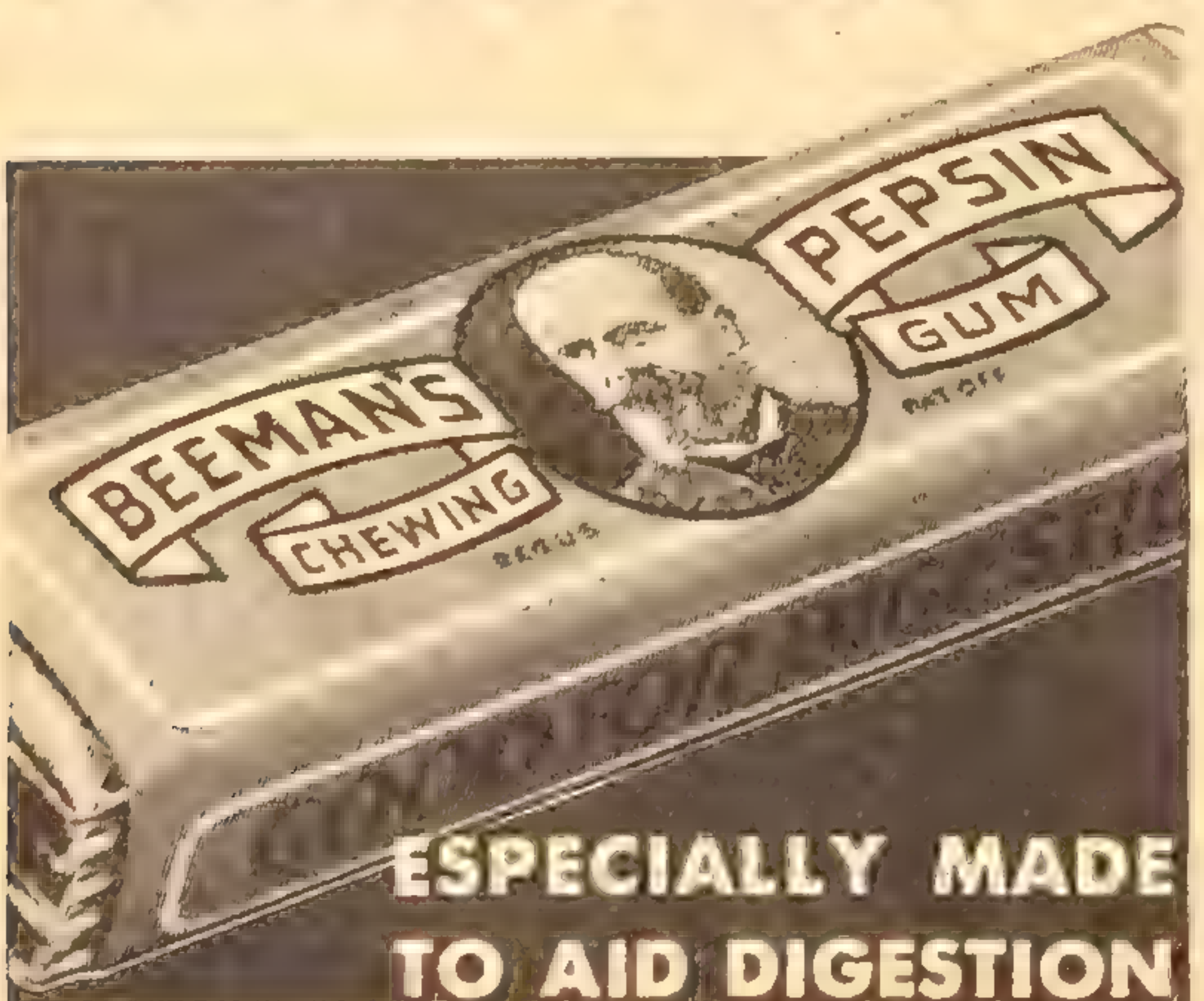
(Continued on page 60)



sign here!

And the president signs for the million dollar order! You feel equal to anything when your digestion is good. But often it isn't quite perfect—yet you don't know just what's wrong. Just something cramping your style. That's why so many chew Beeman's regularly. It helps prevent that bit of indigestion which may ruin your day, and the flavor is delicious.

Chew
**BEEMAN'S
PEPSIN GUM**



re-designed to end revealing
outlines without sacrificing
needed protection

the new Phantom★ Kotex

SANITARY NAPKIN
(U. S. Pat. No. 1,857,854)

A NEW KOTEX... a self-concealing Kotex... re-designed to conform perfectly with the demands of the closest-fitting dress... yet... (and this is so important to you) every bit of thickness, of needed protection, is retained. This New Phantom Kotex, so skilfully constructed, contains identically the same layers of filler, but *you don't realize it!* Because the ends are flattened and shaped, you are scarcely aware of the presence of protection.

Do not be confused. Other sanitary pads calling themselves form-fitting are in no sense the same as the New Phantom Kotex, U. S. Patent No. 1,857,854.

Softness... safety-plus!

That wonderful absorbency... that softness... that delicacy so characteristic of Kotex are exactly the same in the New Phantom Kotex. It gives you supreme safety. Disposable, of course. Hospitals alone last year used more than 24 million Kotex pads.

This improved Kotex is brought you at no increase in price. Never in its history has Kotex cost you so little. Make sure, when buying Kotex wrapped, that you get the genuine. For your protection, each tapered end of the New Phantom★ Kotex is plainly stamped "Kotex." On sale at all drug, dry goods, and department stores. Also in vending cabinets through the West Disinfecting Company.

Kotex Company, Chicago.

Note! Phantom Kotex has the same thickness, the same protective area with the added advantage of tapered ends.



**KOTEX
NOW
25c**



To ease the task of enlightenment

This message is sent to
parents and guardians,
in a spirit of con-
structive helpfulness.

THIS year—some five million young girls between the ages of 10 and 14 will face one of the most trying situations in all the years of young womanhood.

This year—some five million mothers will face the most difficult task of motherhood.

Thousands of these mothers will sit down in quiet rooms, and from that intimacy so characteristic of today's mother and daughter, there will result that understanding so vital to the daughter of today, the wife and mother of tomorrow.

There will be other thousands of mothers, courageous, intimate in all things but this. There will be thousands too timid to meet this problem—and it will pass—but with what possible unhappiness... what heart-breaking experience.

To free this task of enlightenment from the slightest embarrassment, the Kotex Company has had prepared an intimate little chat between mother and daughter. It is called "Marjorie May's Twelfth Birthday."

In this book, the subject has been covered completely... in simple, understandable form. It is accompanied by a simple plan affording the child complete privacy.

To secure a copy without cost or slightest obligation parents or guardians may fill in and mail the coupon below. It will come to you in a plain envelope.

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Please send me copy of "Marjorie
May's Twelfth Birthday."

Signed

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"I have REDUCED MY HIPS 9 INCHES WITH THE PERFOLASTIC GIRDLE ... writes Miss Healy"

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● So many of our customers are delighted with the wonderful results obtained with this Perforated Rubber Reducing Girdle that we want you to try it for 10 days at our expense!

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Name.....
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NOW! BLONDEX IN NEW 25¢ SIZE
formerly in \$1.00 packages only



"I LOVE YOU" ... he told this blonde

THOUGH men fall in love more easily with blondes than with brunettes, tests show that blondes who have dull, faded-looking hair do not appeal to men nearly as much as when the hair is radiant, golden and young-looking. Blondex, an amazing special shampoo, gives streaky, lifeless hair the lustrous, golden sheen men adore and other women envy. Safe—Blondex contains no dye, no harmful chemicals. Is remarkably beneficial to both hair and scalp. See how much lovelier it makes your hair with wavy, silky softness and radiant golden lights! And here's good news! Blondex is now on sale in the new size package for only 25¢. Formerly sold only in the \$1.00 package. Get Blondex today—see how glamorous and beautiful it will make your hair. At all drug and department stores.

The Headline Career of Mary and Doug

(Continued from page 58)

will return to Hollywood to start new film. December 11, 1931—Doug, at St. Moritz, takes first lessons in skiing. Plans to remain there for Christmas.

December 17, 1931—In Paris, Doug gives up plan to visit China and sails for home. Approach of Christmas always makes him homesick.

December 23, 1931—Doug and brother reach New York. Gave up plan to visit Manchuria because of war there. Will take train to Chicago, and fly from there to Coast to be with Mary on Christmas.

December 25, 1931—Doug gets home for Christmas minus any luggage, he was in such a hurry to rejoin Mary.

January 19, 1932—Joseph Schenck's 136-foot auxiliary yacht, *Invader*, chartered by Douglas Fairbanks for cruise of South Sea Islands for filming of a sequel to "Around the World in Eighty Minutes."

January 20, 1932—Reported that Doug and Mary are remodeling "Pickfair" and adding three guest rooms in expectation of distinguished guests during 1932 Olympics.

January 28, 1932—Doug and Mary sat with Judge Paonessa on bench in night court last night.

February 9, 1932—Fairbanks party sets sail for Tahiti in *The Invader*. At last moment, Doug picks Maria Alba, Spanish beauty, as his leading lady. A few years ago, an unknown, she threw roses at Doug and Mary in Barcelona.

March 21, 1932—Six hundred inmates of the workhouse on Welfare Island, New York, addressed by Mary Pickford, laugh raucously when star tells them that being in prison is "spiritual exercise." Tells them that movie stars' salaries are no longer what they used to be, and that life in the movies is "normal and healthy." Says, "I can tell you about Joan Crawford. She's a member of the family. She deserves credit for going out there without any friends or influence. She leaves parties at 9; she has to be up at 6:30. You hear all this talk about Hollywood parties. I've been there fifteen years and I've never seen one."

March 26, 1932—When Mary Pickford visited White House recently, she reveals, she wore a \$13.50 dress.

April 13, 1932—Boris Lovet-Lorski, world-famous sculptor, is about the most surprised person in the world over Mary Pickford's statement that she hopes to study sculpture under him. He declares he knows nothing about it.

May 4, 1932—Mary arrives in Pasadena from the East, accompanied by Contessa Dentice Di Frasso, the former Dorothy Taylor of New York.

May 7, 1932—Doug returns to Hollywood from South Seas, where "Mr. Robinson Crusoe" was filmed. Brings back monkey.

May 11, 1932—Doug says new picture will be profit-sharing. Trying new experiment in co-operation, with all co-workers sharing in receipts.

May 13, 1932—Mary and Doug entertain Countess Di Frasso at Pickfair.

June 19, 1932—Doug entertains Charles Chaplin, just back from world tour, at luncheon. Ethel Barrymore, in Hollywood to make picture with her brothers, one of the guests.

July 7, 1932—Mary Pickford is second wealthiest of filmland celebrities, according to Los Angeles County Assessor's figures. Mary has stocks and bonds worth \$2,316,940. Fairbanks is third, with stocks and bonds worth \$1,384,690. Chaplin ranks first, with \$7,687,570.

July 28, 1932—Mary, in New York to shop for plays, reveals she left East-bound 'plane at Albuquerque and took train East because her horoscope warned of danger in

airplane under present grouping of stars. Says she called Doug to ask his advice.

July 30, 1932—Fairbanks takes two-hour tour through Olympic Village, inhabited by athletes of all nations. Autographs sweat-shirts, track pants, etc., for them.

July 31, 1932—Mary Pickford, in New York, denies new marital discord rumors, started by her being away from "Pickfair" with Olympics under way. Of Buddy Rogers, who met her a week ago and drove her down the Hudson in speed boat, she says, "He is a nice boy."

August 2, 1932—Mary Pickford affirms belief in astrology. Says she believes there are laws that transcend all others and that she makes her plans in accordance with those.

August 26, 1932—Doug sets sail on *S. S. Chichibu Maru* to hunt long-haired tigers in Manchuria—and to make a new picture. Mary on hand, as always, to bid him affectionate farewell.

September 22, 1932—Mary Pickford, Countess Di Frasso and Gary Cooper decide suddenly on airplane jaunt to New York.

September 23, 1932—Mary's luggage removed from 'plane at last moment. Gary and Countess go without her.

September 28, 1932—Reported that Mary is considering James Cagney, currently a salary rebel at Warners, for male lead in new film. Also said to be considering Gary Cooper and Weldon Heyburn.

October 15, 1932—Cable from abroad informs Mary that her brother, Jack, making world cruise to regain health, has been taken from ship to American Hospital in Paris, suffering from multiple neuritis.

November 29, 1932—Mary accepts invitation to be grand marshal of Tournament of Roses Parade on day after New Year's.

December 3, 1932—Doug, on way home from Orient, visits Jack Pickford in American Hospital, Paris, and finds him improved, though still very ill.

December 21, 1932—Doug arrives in New York after new trip around world—in time to reach Hollywood and be with Mary for Christmas. Lady Millicent Hawes, Dowager Duchess of Sutherland, on same boat—and will spend Christmas at "Pickfair." Doug tells newsmen that trip into Manchuria to hunt long-haired tigers was balked by unsettled condition of country and that his party was forbidden entry to Tibet to hunt a giant panda, but he went through Indo-China with his own safari. Says he has plans for a screen play about China, which he thinks is now the most colorful country in world because something exciting is always happening there.

January 2, 1933—A day of triumph and tragedy for Mary. In the morning, she officiates as grand marshal of the 1933 Tournament of Roses Parade in Pasadena—the first woman and first representative of theatrical world to be thus honored in forty-four years of Tournament history. Later, cable from Paris informs her that condition of her brother, Jack, very ill there, has taken turn for worse. She cables that she is chartering a 'plane and flying to New York, to take first boat and rush to his bedside. Return cable informs her that she cannot reach Paris in time. . . .

January 3, 1933—Mary Pickford grief-stricken by death of brother, Jack, at the age of 36, in the American Hospital in Paris, where his first wife, beautiful Olive Thomas, met a tragic death from poisoning on their "second honeymoon" in September, 1920. Body of Jack, who was the youngest of the family and was a star in silent days, will be brought to Los Angeles to be buried beside mother.

She has "IT"...



but not what you think

After one dance they pass her up.

They forget that rose-petal skin,

those dreamy eyes, her agreeable

manner, her grace on the dance

floor... She has "IT," all right

— but not what you think!

HOW can this beautiful girl, with breeding and sweetness, ruin her great charm by this undesirable "it" . . . perspiration odor from lingerie that isn't scrupulously fresh.

Of course, she doesn't realize that she's offending. Perhaps she thinks she doesn't perspire. But we all do, even though we don't *feel* sticky. Frequently over a quart a day, doctors say.

Underthings are always absorbing this perspiration, and the odor is bound to cling. Others notice it, even

when we aren't aware of it ourselves. Second-day underthings are *never* safe.

Fastidious women don't risk offending in this way. They Lux underthings after *every* wearing . . . it's so quick and easy!

Lux is made to take out perspiration completely and *safely*. It removes all odor, and saves color, protects delicate fabrics.

As everybody knows, perspiration contains substances harmful to silk. By Luxing underthings — stockings,

too — after each wearing, you keep them new longer. This dainty habit takes only 4 minutes!

AVOID OFFENDING

Underthings absorb perspiration odor. Protect daintiness this way

Wash after each wearing. One tablespoon of Lux does one day's undies . . . stockings, too! Use lukewarm water — Lux dissolves instantly in it. Squeeze suds through fabric, rinse twice.

Avoid ordinary soaps — cakes, powders, chips. These often contain harmful alkali which weakens threads, fades color. Lux has no harmful alkali. Anything safe in water alone is safe in Lux.

MILLIONS
of women find
Lux in the dish-
pan the world's
most inexpen-
sive beauty care
for hands. Costs
less than 1¢ a day.



for underthings

removes perspiration odor-saves colors

Caught RED HANDED



COLD WINTER WEATHER, household duties and office work quickly rub away the smooth, silken surface of a pretty skin... and before you know it, you're "dressed in your best," but caught... "red handed."

Humiliated? But you need never suffer this embarrassment again! Italian Balm, the original skin softener, is absolutely guaranteed to banish every trace of rough, red, dry and chapped skin quicker than anything you ever used before.

Invention of a European skin specialist. All ingredients scientifically selected and blended by an imported process. Entirely unlike store-made or home-made lotions.

Canada's largest selling, winter-time skin protector. More economical because it lasts longer. For sale everywhere—35c, 60c and \$1.00 bottles.

Campana's ITALIAN BALM

THE ORIGINAL SKIN SOFTENER



New Package

Sparkling fresh in a green and white cellophane-wrapped package, Italian Balm greets you this season in a fashionable new carton and bottle.

TUNE IN—Monday nights, "Fu Manchu" mystery dramas, Columbia network; Friday nights "First Nighter" plays, N. B. C. coast-to-coast.

Free CAMPANA CORPORATION, 2513 Lincoln Highway, Batavia, Illinois. Gentlemen: Please send me a VANITY SIZE bottle of Campana's Italian Balm—FREE and postpaid.

Name _____

Street _____

City _____ State _____

If you live in Canada, send your request to Campana Corporation, Ltd., 46 Caledonia Road, Toronto

"No Marriage for Me," Say Ten Women Stars

(Continued from page 19)

to marry. They think that because I have worked for so long and have gone about to parties and things so much, that I should never be able to settle. Well—I've never thought that it could be possible, either. But the other day I was lunching with June Collyer Erwin, who is divinely happy—and I've been thinking since then that perhaps that was the thing I wanted. I don't know....

Mary Wonders About Compromise

"IF I could marry and have the life June has, I should want it. But it is so difficult. When you have a career, you learn to focus on one person—yourself. You have to! And if you marry, you have to get over that. Things have always been made so easy for me—I have never had any opposition in anything I wanted to do; I'm not sure that I would know how to compromise sufficiently to make anyone else happy. I should be terribly afraid of marriage...."

Dorothy Jordan has also learned that lesson of concentrating on one person—herself. And she, too, is concerned about the complications that attitude might induce.

"If you are struggling for a place in pictures, everything else *must* be secondary," she believes. "Your work is so strenuous, your concentration is so centered on it! It may sound silly if I say that I haven't had time to consider anything else, but it's true. Not that I really *must* concentrate quite so intensely. I might take time to consider marriage. But I still don't know how I could contrive to make a success of it."

"If you marry someone who is not of the industry, then he doesn't understand your preoccupation with it and the strange hours you must keep. He can't possibly understand how important it is for you, when you are on a picture, to have rest and certain food and so on."

Movie Couples Are Jealous

"ON the other hand, if you marry someone who is in the industry, himself, he understands *too well*, if you know what I mean! He knows what your temptations are and he is probably suspicious, if not a little jealous, of you. The mere matter of hours is a cause of difficulty. It usually happens that when the wife is working, the husband is not. And *vice versa*. Whoever is 'between pictures' needs relaxation and fun. If your vacations do not coincide, then there are more suspicions and discontented moments—wondering what the other member of the family is doing with his or her spare moments. It seems to me that it is all too difficult to undertake. I'd rather not marry!"

Dorothy Peterson says, "I like my freedom too much! When you have been really free and independent for a long while, you begin to place a great value on those two states. And I've seen too many failures in marriage, especially in picture circles. I think that mostly it is possessiveness on the part of one—or both—that causes the trouble. If you have been free, and independent, then you cannot tolerate possessiveness. And it is a very human trait, especially when you are in love."

"I'm really sentimental about marriage, which is probably the reason why I have never attempted it. I should want it to be perfect, and I have never been in a situation, as yet, which I thought could possibly lead to perfection in marriage. I am beginning to think that it cannot be done—in Hollywood!"

Anita Hasn't Found Him

ANITA PAGE says that she simply has not met The Man. "I have such definite ideas about what I want in the man I marry! I don't want marriage to be a transient thing; I want it to be for always. And it couldn't be for always unless he were the sort of person I have in mind. I know myself too well! I am not, I think, hoping for too much when I hope for sincerity, honesty, dependability. I want permanence and sanity. So far, I have not encountered them—or recognized them—in any man I have known. So I haven't married. If I don't encounter and recognize them, I shan't marry. I have seen too much of marriage in movie circles...."

Tala Birell says that she has been working alone since she was seventeen and she hasn't really considered the question of matrimony very seriously. She would be pleased, one gathers, to consider it now. Except that circumstances, since she arrived in Hollywood, have not been too favorable. Tala has gone out very little.

"I do not like to appear in public," she says, in her careful English, "unless I am proud of the man who is escorting me. And I have met so few men. My opportunities have been so few. Perhaps, one day, it will be different, if I stay in this place. I hope to stay—of course. And I hope for more opportunities. But—I still have work to do. Marriage, when I think of it, is far, far in the future. I have thought of it very little. Perhaps it is an experience no woman should miss. I don't know. Perhaps I shall attempt it. But—not now. I have too many other things to consider!"

Myrna "Much Too Busy"

MYRNA LOY, who seems to be rushing from one studio to another these days, says, "I am much too busy—oh, much too busy to consider it! Whenever it has come up in my life, in the past few years, I have been too busy. If you are going to work at something, with the all of you, then you can't be hampered by romance. Romance takes all of your time and attention. At least, if it is to be a successful romance, it does. Whenever I am not busy, I am too tired. And that doesn't make for success in romance, either. You can't afford to be tired!"

"I think that I shall not have time for marriage or to consider the manifold requirements for a *happy* marriage, for a long, long while. Perhaps I *never* shall. It seems that way to me now."

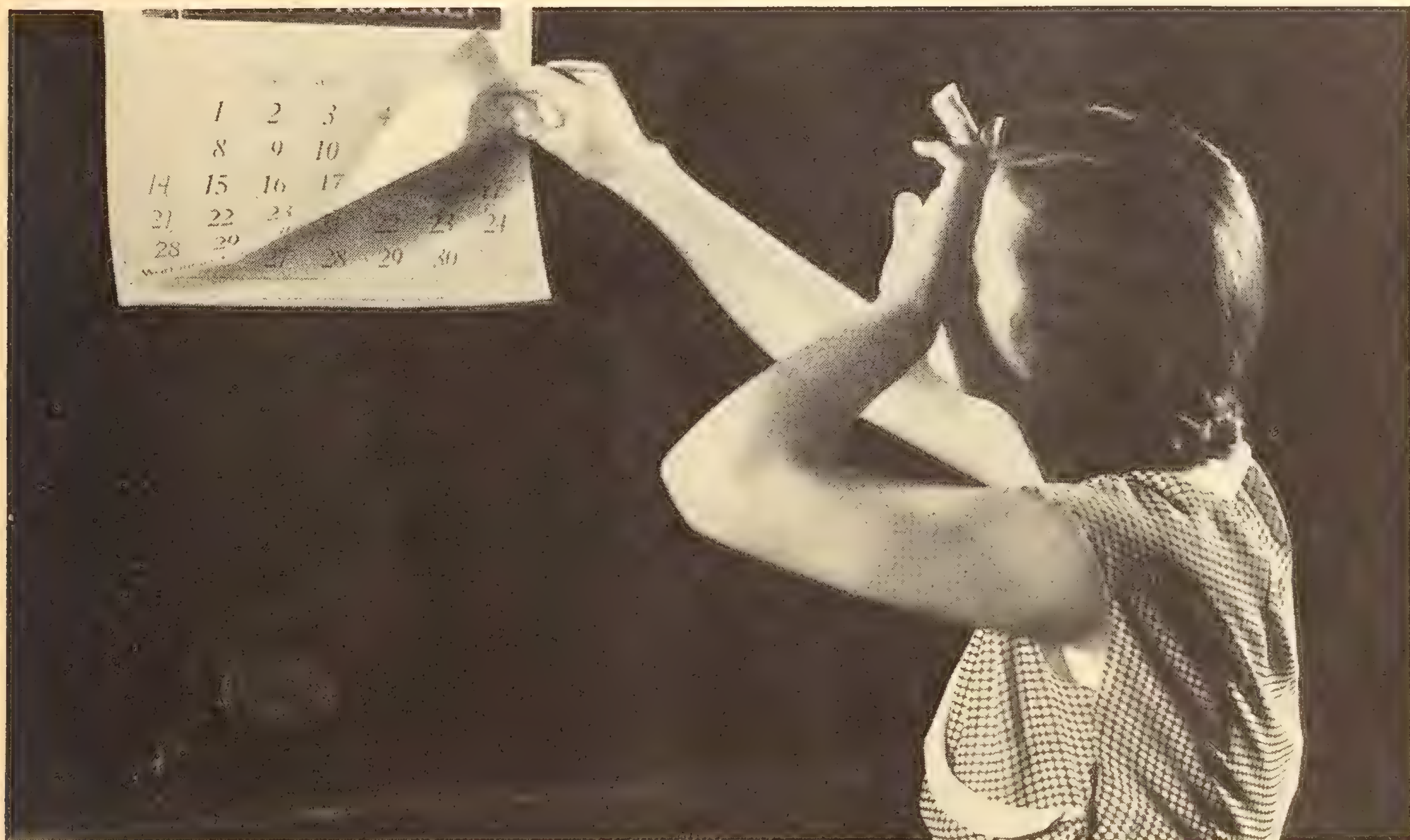
So there you have them. Ten beautiful, successful and universally admired women. Ten women who must have, at least once a week, the opportunity to abandon a single existence. Ten women who do not *want* to abandon the single life—for reasons of their own. They have told you their reasons.

What star of the talkies comes the closest to rivaling the popularity of Valentino? Three guesses! He's an American—he also got his start as a dancer, and then as a romantic screen villain—and he's scheduled for some of the old Valentino roles.

Don't miss the colorful coverline story in the April MOVIE CLASSIC about "George Raft—the Greatest Idol Since Valentino!"

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THE FEAR THAT ACTS LIKE A POISON ON HEALTH AND BEAUTY



LOOK back on your own marital experience, or drop into your doctor's office, and you will soon learn that "CALENDAR FEAR" often acts on the feminine system like a poison.

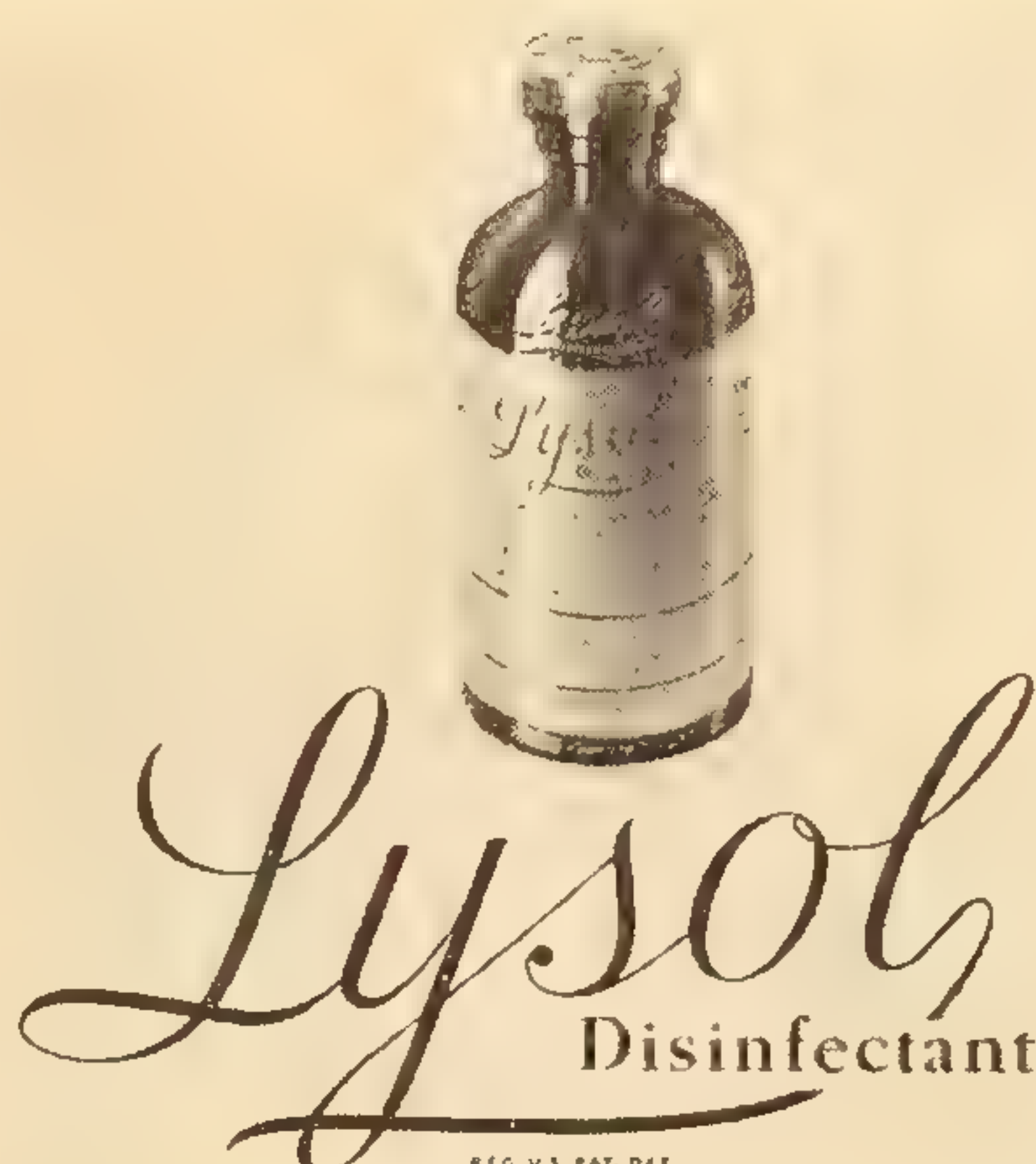
If you don't know, a doctor will tell you that FEAR alone can upset the delicate feminine mechanism . . . FEAR alone can magnify a minor feminine irregularity until it seems like a physical crisis . . . FEAR alone can, and does, upset a woman's nerves until her very health is menaced.

Yet how easy it is to banish this fear! . . . How simple to replace the failings of questionable feminine antisepsis with the blessings of approved marriage hygiene! How wise to follow the authoritative advice of the world's great physicians, hospitals and clinics! . . . For over forty years they have recommended to womankind the regular and unfailing use of "Lysol" for complete feminine antisepsis and cleanliness.

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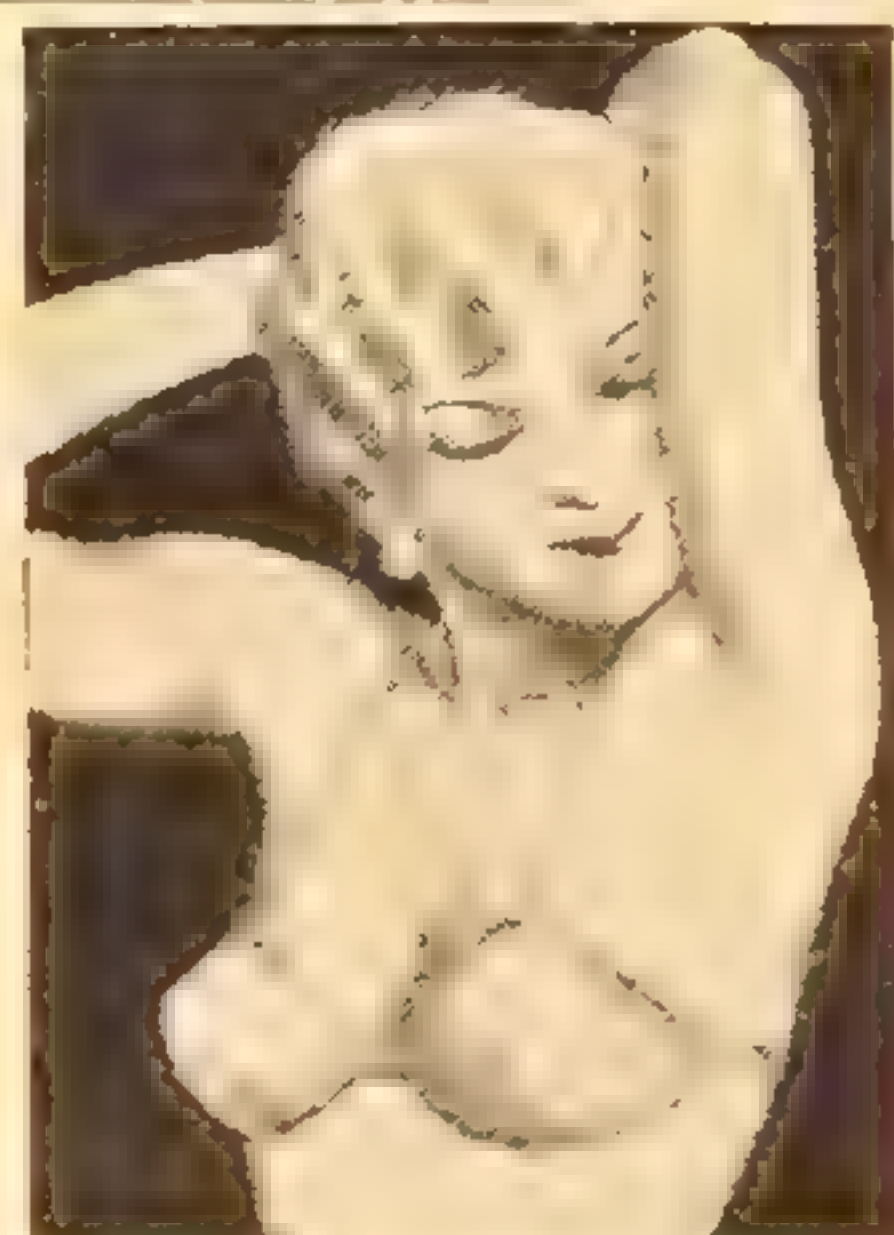
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UNIVERSAL SCENARIO COMPANY
541 Meyer Bldg., Western & Sierra Vista, Hollywood California

Will Rogers Talks About Pigs, Politics and Movies

(Continued from page 41)

came over and leaned on his side of the wooden rail. Before he was through, a crowd had collected, as crowds always do when Will is talking. And though he started in to be very serious, the repartee and rejoinders were falling thick and fast as the audience increased.

Rogers may talk "straight" for a time (or try to, for he saves his wit for his public mostly), but sooner or later that humor, which can't be repressed, is bound to come out, and the laughs are testimony that, on the stage or off, he is one of the funniest men in America, as well as one of the most penetrating of popular philosophers.

He's a One-Man Show

IN fact, Rogers is a great one-man show, in any way you take him. His talents spread all over the place. He writes, he speaks (extemporaneously), he ropes (expertly), and he acts after his own fashion—yet there is never an end to the variety and the whimsy of his comments, whether they appear in print, are heard from the stage, with or without lariat action, or echo from the audible and so often garrulous screen.

The favorite Rogers theme, as everybody knows, is politics. But have you heard about his new interest in pigs? In "State Fair," he has one for a "fellow-actor"—that's the reason. It's the prize hog, *Blue Boy*, a 900-pound tusk-flaunting porker from Iowa. Will is the one movie star in all Hollywood history who could dilate on such a topic—or even have the urge to do so. There's real distinction for you!

Just try to keep Will off politics, whether the administration is Republican or Democratic! He will always have plenty to say about either. Folks are just waiting to see what he'll come out with when the Democrats swing into full power in March, because he hasn't had a whack at them when they were uppermost at any time since he has been writing his famous daily syndicated paragraphs. He has confined his jibes mostly to the Grand Old Party, and the rock-ribbed gentry of that alliance are sure that he has rank Bourbon leanings. "It must be so" since he has taken so many and various whacks at Republican administrations, and kidded the late Calvin Coolidge (who, by the way, was one of his warmest friends) most diligently at times. That Rogers is a Democrat has more than once been the legend spread about the country.

What! He Has Never Voted?

AS a matter of fact, a very close friend of Rogers, who is in a position to know, once informed me that Will had never been partisan at any time, himself. He has never even registered, let alone voted, according to this authority, though it's hard to believe that. Momentarily, he feels that it's a good thing that the Democrats have come into power, because change is good, but he'll probably react just about as favorably if the Republicans return, say eight years hence (if not four) because that will mean change again. He has probably said pleasant things about the Democrats, or seemed to, because they were the downtrodden of late years, but he's too whimsical, independent and free of mind to be tied down, and the day I talked to him he was especially sympathetic to Herbert Hoover.

"That poor fellow had to carry the whole burden alone," he said. "He had to do nearly all the talking and most of the campaigning, and he was on the spot besides, as anybody is who has held the office of Presi-

dent, especially during such a bad time as he went through. The man he missed the most was probably Dwight W. Morrow, who was the big ace in the previous campaign. But he didn't have the support in any way that he had the other time. He had to conduct a sort of lone fight, which, with the radio and all reaching everybody, is terrible difficult. Same voice, saying much the same thing, all the time. In the days of stump-speaking around the country, it was possible for one man to get away with it, but not now.

"The Democrats had the cast, and they also had the show. This politics is a show, you know; sometimes a 'Follies' show. But anyhow the Democrats brought on all those headliners and big guns like Owen D. Young, John J. Raskob, Al Smith and the others, and the Republicans didn't have a chance. They did get the Republican Roosevelts into the fracas, but I don't know whether that did any good or not. They went to a lot of trouble even about getting a hook-up with Theodore Roosevelt, Jr., in Honolulu. He did his talk from there, but if they'd waited until March he could have made it right from home and saved all the trouble and expense.

Supported His Namesake

"MAKING a fuss about a name never did get nowhere. Why, down in Oklahoma there was a fellow named Rogers ran for office, and folks down there wanted me to oppose him. Heck, I didn't oppose him; I encouraged him, and he won. He got the votes every place but his hometown. Maybe because they knew him too well there, I don't know.

"Well—it's a good thing the Democrats are in, because now the Republicans will have four years to fix up their party, heal up the wounds and all, and come through strong at the next election. They asked me for a wheeze in this picture, something for one farmer to whisper to another, and I thought maybe we might put in something like:

"'Did you hear'—very confidentially—'as how they is going to resurrect the Republican party?'"

Despite all his success as a writer on politics, Will has occasionally found it a very sensitive subject. During the turbulent campaign days, he made some light remarks about it might be better for the candidates to go fishing, instead of taking the election so seriously, that roused a storm of protest among the more excitable of his readers. And if you think that Rogers took the denunciations lightly, you are very much mistaken.

He wrote a long letter to several newspapers explaining his viewpoint, and removing the sting from the words that some people attributed to them. He is a great sport in such matters, the essence of humanness. He told me, among other things, that he had taken several evenings off to answer a number of letters directed to him personally, and each received the most painstaking consideration and a lengthy reply. Few other writers would have been so thoughtful, but Rogers is as much devoted to his public as they are to him.

How He Tamed the Hog

NEVERTHELESS, pigs are probably a lighter and gayer item on which to echo him than national problems. And pigs, since "State Fair," are one of his favored motifs for chats and kidding. He had to

act most diligently with hogs during the filming of the picture, and they weren't simply screen hogs, but the real variety. *Blue Boy*, selected after a long quest for just the right porkish gentleman for the big barnyard rôle in Phil Stong's story, was the particular pal of Rogers. Will acted as caretaker for the prize boar, massaged and polished him, straightened the curl in his tail, tickled his ears, and did various other duties required by pastoral movie realism. But when he finally got through, all he had to say was: "A hog's at his best when he's on a plate between a couple of eggs."

The first day he saw *Blue Boy* he was credited with this remark: "So you're *Blue Boy*. You're certainly some hog. When it comes to pork, there's nothing like you, even back at Washington. Well," he added ruminatively, "just a couple more hams for Hollywood."

Blue Boy was very pugnacious at the start, but Rogers soon took that out of him. He showed his teeth to Will and snorted at him. Will hit him a gentle swat on the snout, and said "Aw, g'wan" and after that *Blue Boy* took to him considerably—more than to anybody else, anyway.

Once the hog refused to grunt for the microphone, and Will said: "Just about as talkative as a stock speculator before a Senate investigating committee, aren't you?"

Another time, *Blue Boy* refused to move over to make room for a camera set-up, and Rogers said:

"Gone Hollywood! What a shame!" Then to the cameraman: "You're probably lining up on the wrong side of his profile, so I'll tell you what—I'll switch over to that side, as it doesn't make any difference to me, and after all it's his pen."

Never Reads the Scenarios

ROGERS has no high-hattedness, and he doesn't take picture work too seriously as a career: "Me and the hog nap along together," he said, in describing how he was playing "State Fair," and explained, "I'll do anything they want, even to wrestling with the boar, but I never read the script. I didn't read the book either when I learned we was going to make it. I never do, because I don't want to be disappointed in the picture version. They always clean up the stories for the movies, and when they get through cleaning there's generally nothing left except the same old plot."

"I ain't seen half the members of this all-star cast, but I know, of course, as how they exist. We're working shifts, and most of my shift has been acting with my 'wife' and *Blue Boy*. There are lots of famous stars in this picture though, and they have some real fine settings, including a big state fair."

"Back there in Iowa, you know, they take this state fair thing seriously. A hog means something there. They have a building two blocks long with hog pens in it, to show off the best stock. If they put on a fair back there, they brag because they have fifty fine prize hogs; out here in California they don't bother about hogs, but drag out fifty movie stars. That's the difference in state fairs back East and out West. Back there it's hogs; out here it's oranges and movie stars."

The Rogers wit fails only in one place, so 'tis said, and that is in his own home. He is reputed never to wisecrack around the hearthside. I have heard from one well-informed source that the members of the family are a little critical, and preserve their perspective on everything he does, which is a great aid. It was really Mrs. Rogers that got Will to capitalize on his great gift of humor.

There was a time, you know, when he would drop into that funny vein freely and readily any moment, to the great delight of all who talked with him. There was a

(Continued on page 68)

VIVIDLY Charming!



HEALTH—Life's no fun when you're only half-awake. If you want to feel fine, sweep away the poisons—and your clean blood will give you a new pep.

BEAUTY—Bright eyes, a clear skin, come when you are *internally clean*! You have sparkle, charm. Note: Sal Hepatica is a great help in the reducing diet.

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For this reason, it combats colds, headaches, and rheumatism. It freshens and clears your skin. It not only gives sparkle to your eyes and new zest to your step—but you feel splendid and really get some *fun* out of life! Try this saline road to vivid health—beginning tomorrow morning—and your whole point of view will brighten up!

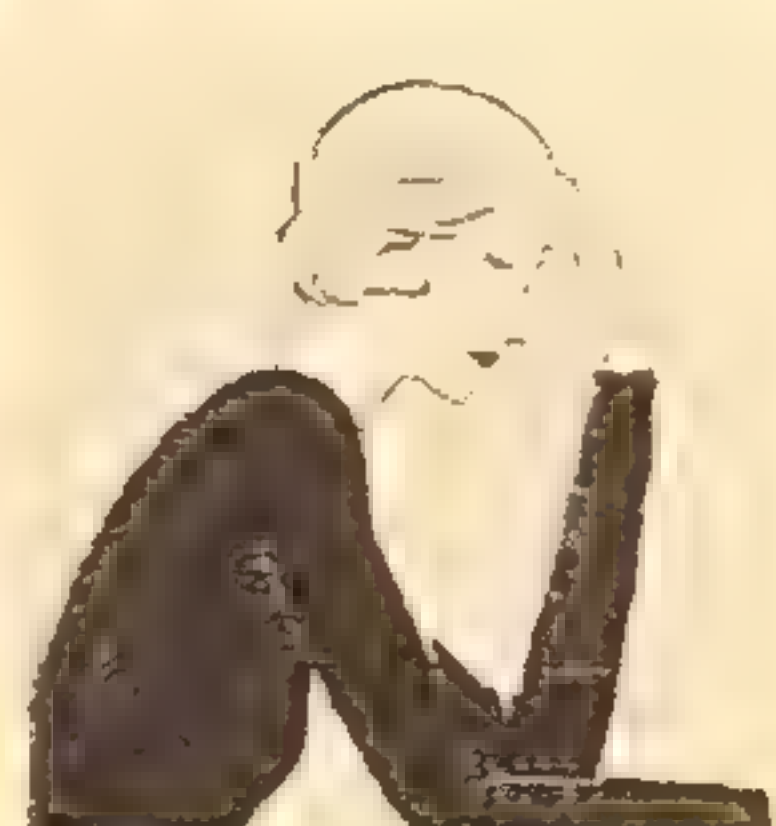
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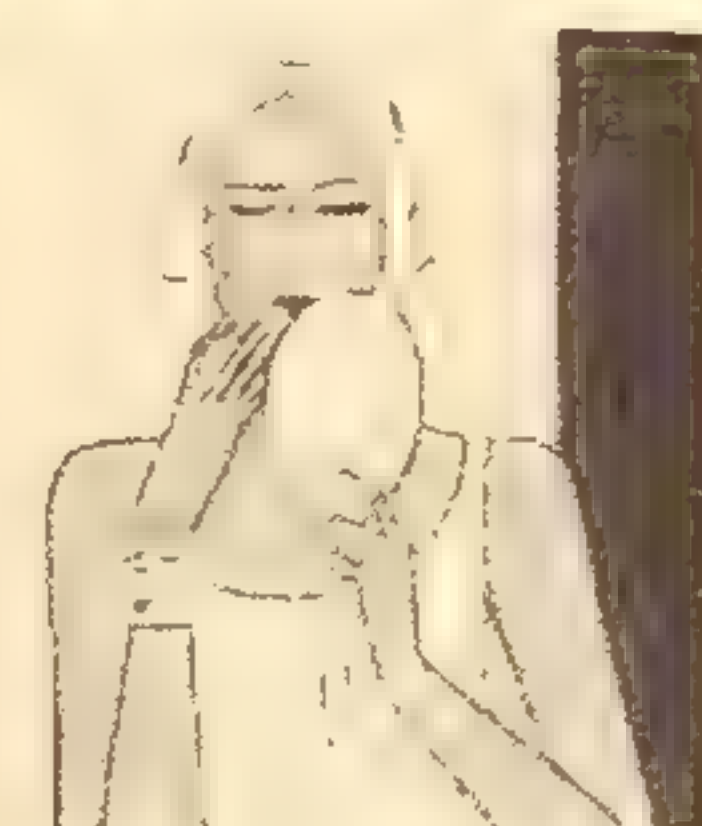
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Please send me booklet, "The New Way." I want to know more about the safe, easy Norform way to personal hygiene.

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Meet Clyde Beatty, Who Has Hollywood's Most Dangerous Job

(Continued from page 52)

he would go to the zoo and watch the animals by the hour. At home he trained a dog and cat, always looking forward to that great day when he would have "wild" animals to command.

Started Career at Fifteen

IN 1920, "Howe's Great London Show" arrived in Chillicothe to spend Sunday "breaking a jump" into Cincinnati. Young Beatty hurried out of bed early to get near the animals. For a time he paced Louis Roth, the animal trainer, at every step. The boy's great interest gained the man's sympathy, and at last he agreed that, if Clyde could get permission from his parents, he would get him a job with the show. This Clyde knew he could never do. But the next day found Clyde and his little handbag at the menagerie tent in Cincinnati. He had run away from home.

So rapid was his progress with the animals that, in 1921, when the circus was reorganized and labeled "Gollmer Brothers' Circus," Clyde was made assistant to the gifted Chubby Gilfoil. By 1922 Clyde had his own act of circus-broken animals with the Gollmer Brothers; and in 1923 he was their featured attraction. That, people, often is called Getting Ahead!

The next Fall, Clyde had a mix-up with a lion in Peru, Indiana, during the Winter training season, and went to the hospital with a badly torn shoulder. By way of celebrating his exit from the hospital, he joined the "John Robinson Circus" with an act featuring a black leopard named *Jiggs*—the only one of its type in any circus and terrifically dangerous; hyenas, pumas, and bears from Tibet, Siberia and the Arctic. That's a combination to make most trainers break out in cold sweats, but Clyde thought it pretty tame—and was borne out in his conclusion by ending the season with only a few clawed muscles.

Mixed Lions and Tigers

NEXT season, the "Hagenback-Wallace Shows" absorbed the Robinson menagerie and Clyde increased the animals in his act from fifteen to twenty. Just before breaking camp at Peru, he told the manager that he was thinking of developing an act with lions and tigers performing at the same time. "That's just about the best way of getting killed I know," old C. E. Odom answered. "Lions and tigers are natural enemies; they haven't a thing in common. They'll claw each other to pieces before you get in the cage."

Odom was right, for when Beatty released ten lions and ten tigers in the cage simultaneously, they began to fight viciously the moment they saw each other. Into this welter of teeth and claws Beatty went—to separate them. And so dominant was his power that before he left the ring he had them performing together!

Odom immediately featured him above everyone else in the show. More than once during that year, Clyde left the cage bleeding and numb from the pain of bites and scratches. But rather than quit, he planned even more hazardous changes for the next season. Thus 1926 saw a Beatty act containing twenty-six lions and lionesses, tigers and tigresses. It also saw him so close to death so many times that insurance men turned pale at the mere mention of his name.

Death is Clyde's constant companion. Early in 1927, *Bredo*, a 600-pound lion, leaped on him, knocked him unconscious, fastened his huge paws in his right hip,

shook him like a stuffed doll, and after throwing him fifteen feet, leaped back on his pedestal. People cheered, thinking it part of the show. Attendants dragged Clyde to the safety cage with iron rakes. There, as the band struck up the finale, he managed to stand up and take a bow before collapsing. Five weeks later he went back to work, with a crushed arm, smashed ribs and torn muscles nearly healed. The balance of the season was, to quote him, "uneventful."

Lion Saved His Life

AND so he continued, with the act growing to thirty-two animals. Then, just as 1930 was closing in Kokomo, Indiana, a new tigress knocked down her pedestal and became alarmed. Charging Beatty, she bowled him over and would have clawed him to death if *Nero*, a huge Sumatra lion, had not come to his defense.

In the Spring of 1931, Beatty made the first of his sensational appearances at Madison Square Garden in New York with the Ringling Brothers-Barnum Bailey show—and gained the top of the circus heap. For relaxation he made a summer tour, and again was badly clawed by a tigress. But presently he returned to the Garden with the greatest animal act in history—forty-four beasts of mixed sex in the cage at once.

Jaded New York did handstands. For six weeks, hundreds of thousands of people packed the Garden, to remain breathlessly quiet while a hundred-and-forty-pound man dominated several tons of jungle beasts whose nature it was to fight among themselves. He went back to Winter quarters with ovations to remember such as have been the lot of few performers in that greatest of performing centers. The next year loomed ahead as his greatest.

Then, training in Indiana, a bad accident happened. A lioness jumped down from her pedestal behind Clyde. The watchful *Nero*, incensed, leaped from a pedestal twenty feet away to protect him. Unfortunately, he struck Beatty instead, and pulled him under in the ensuing fight. When attendants finally dragged him to the safety cage, his right leg was bitten to the bone.

Faced Loss of His Leg

FOR days it was thought that only amputation would save his life, but he pulled through and in three months was ready to start at the Garden again. The show there was held up an extra week to allow him to recuperate fully; then he went on to a tumultuous opening.

All New York apparently had heard of the gallant fight he had made for his life, and the Garden was packed with enthusiasts. I am sure not one of those thousands there that night is ever apt to see a more dramatic occurrence than straightaway transpired. For, clad in spotless white, as Clyde stepped into the spotlight for his greeting, his pistol (filled with blanks) struck an iron bar and discharged itself.

The paper wadding of the cartridges penetrated his uniform and caused his recently-healed wounds to bleed afresh. The powder set his trousers afire. In a few seconds his uniform was aflame, his trousers sopping with blood. Attendants ran forward with buckets of water and put out the fire, and tried to take Beatty from the danger of those two-score animals that had smelled his blood. Beatty pushed them aside, entered that cage of vicious, unruly beasts, and though he stumbled occasionally

from weakness, proceeded to give one of the greatest shows of his career! With the conclusion of the 1932 season he signed with Universal to go West and transfer his act to celluloid, in what promises to be the most realistic and sensational circus picture of Hollywood history. The Laemmles are so excited by the picture, according to reliable reports, that Beatty will continue to be seen on the screen, after fulfilling circus contracts in the East.

He is a small man of not quite five feet and six inches, but one look at those cold gray-green eyes of his and many six-footers have ducked. He never drinks or smokes. It is necessary for him to be at the peak of condition always, and he trains like a boxer, with trainer and all. He has to be as agile and alert as forty-four lions and tigers together.

Defends Self Only With Chair

CLYDE has seen sixteen tigers and one lion killed in fights in the big cage with him. His only defense is a chair. The act chewed up thirty-two chairs during last season. His safety cage is only two feet wide, and should an animal follow him to it, the beast easily might kill him through the bars. He never has shot an animal of any kind in his life, and he knows every animal in his act by name, eyes and walk, and can judge their temperament and mood at a glance. The smallest of these kitties weighs six hundred pounds—and every day the gang makes away with eight hundred pounds of beef, with milk and eggs for *hors d'oeuvres*.

Clyde does not control his animals by cracking whips or popping pistols. He does it with a sort of whispering whistle. The snap of the whip and the crack of the gun are to get attention; then he whistles orders. He does not think there is a "King of Beasts."

"In all zoology there is no record of such an encounter as to determine which of the two cats is the greatest. This is only natural, for lions and tigers come from different parts of the world, and under normal circumstances would never meet. No one knows what would happen if these two antagonists squared off on even terms."

Tells About Lion-Tiger Battles

BEATTY does not know that lions and tigers hate each other. "I have had many lion-tiger battles in my arena, but they have always been gang fights. *Nellie*, one of the fiercest tigers I ever worked with, was killed a few years ago in a fight in which eight lions faced two tigers. On another occasion there was a pitched battle between seventeen lions and twelve tigers. Three tigers were killed in this fight and some of the lions badly mauled." (And in the middle was Beatty!)

"However, these fights prove nothing, for lions help each other in a fight, while a tiger picks an opponent in one of these free-for-all battles and fights it out with that animal, who usually gets help from one of his lion buddies. If it came to a showdown between the two, I'd be inclined to give the tiger an edge on account of his superior speed. The strength of the two animals is practically equal."

They are his life, these animals. They also probably will be his death. Certainly, they hold more of his attention than does romance.

"Girls are more interested in my animals than in me," he shrugs. "I've never found a girl who wanted to worry about me—and perhaps that's just as well, because it would be quite a job for a worrier. Even though I always enter the cage with confidence, I can't be certain as to how I'm coming out. My job is never finished until the last animal is securely locked in his own cage—after the spotlight is turned out."



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PLEASE stop a minute and ask yourself a question. The right answer saves you \$2 out of every \$3. What kind of antiseptic do you use when fighting sore throat colds—infection?

Two kinds of antiseptics

There are only two—no more, no less. In one group you have the mouth antiseptic that kills germs *only* when it is used *full strength*. In the other group you have Pepsodent Antiseptic—utterly *safe* when it is used full strength, yet powerful enough even when it is diluted with 2 *parts of water* to kill germs in 10 seconds. Pepsodent Antiseptic is at least 3 times as powerful as other leading antiseptics. Hence, it goes three times as far—gives you three times as much for your money—and gives you greater protection against sore throat colds.

Instead of paying \$3 for three bottles

of old-fashioned antiseptics, you pay \$1 for one bottle of Pepsodent Antiseptic—and make it go as far as three.

For years 3 people in 4 diluted the old-style mouth antiseptics. But they weren't killing germs. So when choosing your antiseptic, choose the one that kills the germs even when it is diluted. Insist on Pepsodent Antiseptic and be safe.

IMPURE BREATH (Halitosis)

The amazing results of Pepsodent Antiseptic in fighting sore throat colds prove its effectiveness in checking Bad Breath (Halitosis).

Some of the 50 different uses for this modern antiseptic

Sore Throat Colds	Cuts and Abrasions
Head Colds	Chapped Hands
Smoker's Throat	Dandruff
Bad Breath	Skin Irritations
Mouth Irritations	Checks Under-Arm
Irritations of the Gums	Perspiration Odor
After Extractions	"Athlete's Foot"
After Shaving	Tired, Aching Feet

Pepsodent Antiseptic

GERMS

fill handkerchiefs

during colds



Avoid self-infection and
infecting others . . . use

KLEENEX

disposable tissues

Regular price now only

25c

MILLIONS of germs in a single handkerchief! Scientific tests show this condition actually exists during colds.

And further: These germs are easily spread. Cotton and linen fibers hold them but loosely. Your hands are infected. Your clothing is infected. You pass germs to others. You carry germs back to your own face every time you use your handkerchief again.

Kleenex prevents this danger

A new era of handkerchief hygiene was introduced by Kleenex! Handkerchiefs of disposable tissue—to use and destroy! No laundering . . . no self-infection . . . no irritation from damp, unsanitary handkerchiefs.

Kleenex Tissues are handkerchief-size

squares, made from rayon-cellulose. They are soft and soothing, gentle, absorbent. And *inexpensive*. It costs less to use Kleenex than to have handkerchiefs laundered.

Many ways to buy Kleenex

Kleenex is now put up in handy rolls and packages, containing generous quantities, at 25c. In addition, an extra-size Kleenex is made, the tissues three times the usual size, as large as a man's handkerchief.

Kleenex is sold at all drug, dry goods and department stores.

Ask to see 'Kerfs, too. They are real, bordered handkerchiefs of downy tissue—disposable, like Kleenex, though the texture is firm and cloth-like.

Pneumococcus organisms . . .

one of the many varieties of dangerous germs found in handkerchiefs used during colds. A noted scientist proved germs are readily separated from handkerchief fibers; while Kleenex clutches germs so tightly that it is almost impossible to dislodge them.

Will Rogers Talks About Pigs, Politics and Movies

(Continued from page 65)

Rogers interview in every magazine every few months, furnishing entertainment with his sayings. At that time, he just talked, worked in the "Follies" with his roping and his repartee, and from time to time on the silent screen, where he was never the outstanding hit that he became in the talkies. He also wrote a few books, devised his "Illiterate Digest," which was put on celluloid, and rather casually tried some other things. But he didn't hit his real stride until he became a newspaper paragrapher, probably one of the most widely read in this generation.

Rogers' turn of mind entitles him to the title of the greatest living American humorist. He is easily the most brilliant since Mark Twain, but whereas much of Mark Twain's fun was confined to personal reminiscence and light observation, and often had a sort of charming localized flavor, that of Rogers touches on all live questions of the day, and fascinates with the breadth of its horizon.

The very ones he jokes about take his often-sharp comments the most amusedly and graciously. They know Will may be having fun at their expense, but it's in the cards that he should, because he's a sort of national institution, and also a kind of national release for pent-up emotions and reactions. It's really a compliment to be written about by their friend Will.

The only people who ever object to what he says are the humorless cranks and the Mountains-Out-Of-Molehills Society—and even they read him, listen to him on the radio, and go to see him on the screen. For there's nobody like him. Even his critics admit that. And that makes it unanimous.

Looking Them Over

(Continued from page 25)

It was probably the first time the news-hawks had thought of asking Janet. Not that the idea did them much good.

THE stars have gone patriotic with a vengeance and turned thumbs down on the products of those countries that did not pay their "war debts." Ben Lyon had bought Bebe Daniels a very beautiful bottle of perfume, but when Bebe discovered that it was an import from one of the defaulting countries she dispatched Ben right back with it! Bebe had made all her crowd promise not to patronize the delinquent nations.

THE rather noisy quarrel between John Gilbert and his bride, Virginia Bruce, during a recent week-end at Palm Springs, has resulted in the usual "trouble brewing" rumors. Just what brought on the flurry of words between the newlyweds is not actually known, but there are those who will tell you (in spite of "settling down" stories to the contrary) that Jack is as high-strung and nervous as ever. He still seems to be a thoroughly unhappy young man.

In spite of the Gilbert hi-jinks, Virginia appears to remain calm and collected. When Jack took the family car and drove, angrily, back home, leaving his wife at the desert resort to get home as best she could, Virginia batted not an eyelash and continued to keep all her tennis, bridge and swimming dates the following day.

The private, inside whisper is that nothing will cure John Gilbert's restlessness short of
(Continued on page 80)

KLEENEX disposable TISSUES

These Movie Stars Went to College—Why?

(Continued from page 21)

is winning a reputation as a student of Chinese philosophy and ceramics. Hollywood, to him, is merely the end of a long and erratic trail of adventure that has seen him cast as an English army officer, a pugilist, a gold miner and a rancher.

Robert Armstrong, graduate of the University of Washington's law school, has been a "dese, dose and dem" artist on both stage and screen. In school, he was a member of the baseball and football varsities, a member of Delta Tau Delta fraternity, and a shining light in the dramatic club. In his senior year, he co-authored a vaudeville skit that won professional booking, and chose to reap a fat living from the stage, rather than face the lean years that confront every young attorney.

Stuart Erwin, with two years at the University of California to his credit; Warren Hymer, who served a similar term at Yale; and Andy Devine, who graduated from Arizona Teachers' College, have all reached screen success by playing the most complete morons in or out of captivity.

There's Clarence ("Buster") Crabbe, Olympic swimming champion and newest of the screen's brawn-and-biceps heroes. He starts his film career as a "Lion Man," and seems doomed to remain in the raw as a second *Tarzan*. Yet Buster was bedecked with an A.B. degree by the University of Southern California no later than last year. His torso earned his movie contract; no thanks to his scholastic record.

From Football to Fighting

JOHNNY MACK BROWN, a graduate of Alabama University, an All-American football star, a member of Kappa Sigma and the most popular man of his class, waited six years before he was cast as a college boy. In the interim, he played pioneers and *Billy, the Kid*. And, mind you, Johnny came to pictures as the direct result of his collegiate football fame.

Irving Pichel won screen fame as the bigoted, ignorant religious fanatic in Ruth Chatterton's "Right to Love." He followed that by playing a half-witted murderer in "Murder by the Clock." Pichel is a graduate of Harvard, a member of the famous "Forty-Seven Workshop," America's leading college drama laboratory, and a still-noted star of the university dramatic club.

Oliver Hardy, of that dumb-bell team of Laurel and Hardy, graduated from Georgia University and was a practising attorney before his singing voice led him into vaudeville. Jack Holt, with an engineering degree from Virginia Military Institute, reached his cinematic peak in Western rôles. Joel McCrea, an alumnus of Pomona College, where he was a track star, started in pictures as a cowhand. "Two-Gun" George O'Brien, he of the mighty chest, studied for two and a half years at Santa Clara University; and Gary Cooper, who won stardom by being fast on the draw, attended Grinnell College for two years, and, before that Eton Prep School in England. Incidentally, "Coop" was a champion boxer at Grinnell.

Jimmy Cagney, the "baby-faced killer" of the screen's gangland, is not only exceptionally well-read, but also a one-termer at Columbia University, which he attended with medical ambitions. Spencer Tracy, who has specialized in truckdrivers, gangsters, convicts and such, until he has almost acquired the habit of talking from the corner of his mouth, was an honor student at Marquette University, where he studied for three years. His interest in the stage, by the way, was a by-product of his success as captain of the university's debating team.

HOW IS YOUR FIGURE *in a modern gown?*

CURRENT styles emphasize gentle curves. Women whose measurements are a bit generous are sharply restricted in the things they can select.

So, many of us hasten to reduce. Diet and exercise are both necessary. Meals should contain adequate "bulk" to prevent faulty elimination. Otherwise eyes may lose their sparkle. Skins become sallow. Wrinkles appear.

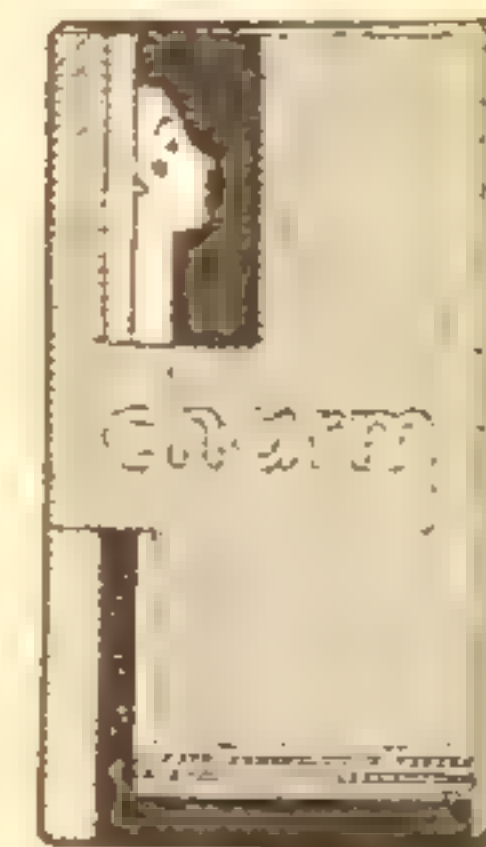
Laboratory tests show that Kellogg's ALL-BRAN supplies "bulk"—as well as vitamin B and food-iron. This "bulk" is similar to that of leafy vegetables.

Two tablespoonfuls of ALL-BRAN daily are usually sufficient. Isn't this much pleasanter, much safer than taking patent medicines?

Kellogg's ALL-BRAN is not fattening. Recommended by dietitians. Sold by all grocers in the red-and-green package. Made by Kellogg in Battle Creek.

WRITE FOR FREE BOOKLET "CHARM"

Filled with valuable beauty-hints, and advice on charm and health. With special menus for reducing wisely. In addition, leading motion-picture actresses are shown in "fashion close-ups," wearing the costumes that millions of critical eyes will see on the screen. Free upon request.



KELLOGG COMPANY
Dept. D-3, Battle Creek, Michigan

Please send me a free copy of your booklet, "CHARM."

Name _____

Address _____



LUPE VELEZ, fiery little screen star, is stunning in these entirely different costumes: silver fox, most precious of furs, on an afternoon ensemble; and the severest of tailleurs for country or morning in town.

WISE WORDS FROM HER

"BABY SISTER" by Tim 'n' s



FIVE YEARS LATER

BUT, SIS, WHY SO SERIOUS? AREN'T YOU GLAD I'M ENGAGED? DON'T YOU LIKE MY PHIL?

OF COURSE I DO. BUT MARRIAGE CAN BE SO DIFFERENT FROM WHAT ONE EXPECTS...ROMANCE FADES SO SOON...LOOK AT TED AND ME



SIS, IT'S PARTLY YOUR FAULT. TED HAS CHANGED BECAUSE YOU HAVE. YOU'VE LET YOURSELF BECOME... UNROMANTIC. A LITTLE CARELESS ABOUT HOW YOU LOOK...SOMETIMES EVEN ABOUT "B.O."

OH, BABS, SURELY NOT THAT!



ONLY A HINT AT TIMES. SO WHY NOT TRY MY LITTLE PLAN — BATHE REGULARLY WITH LIFEBOUY? NO "B.O." THEN!

MY BABY SISTER GIVING ME GOOD ADVICE! BUT I'LL DO IT, DARLING. LIFEBOUY FOR ME FROM NOW ON



"B.O." GONE — romance returns!

BABS WAS A PRETTY BRIDE. BUT THE REAL HIT OF THE WEDDING WAS — MY WIFE!

TED, STOP YOUR JOKING! I ONLY HOPE BABS AND PHIL WILL BE AS HAPPY AS WE ARE



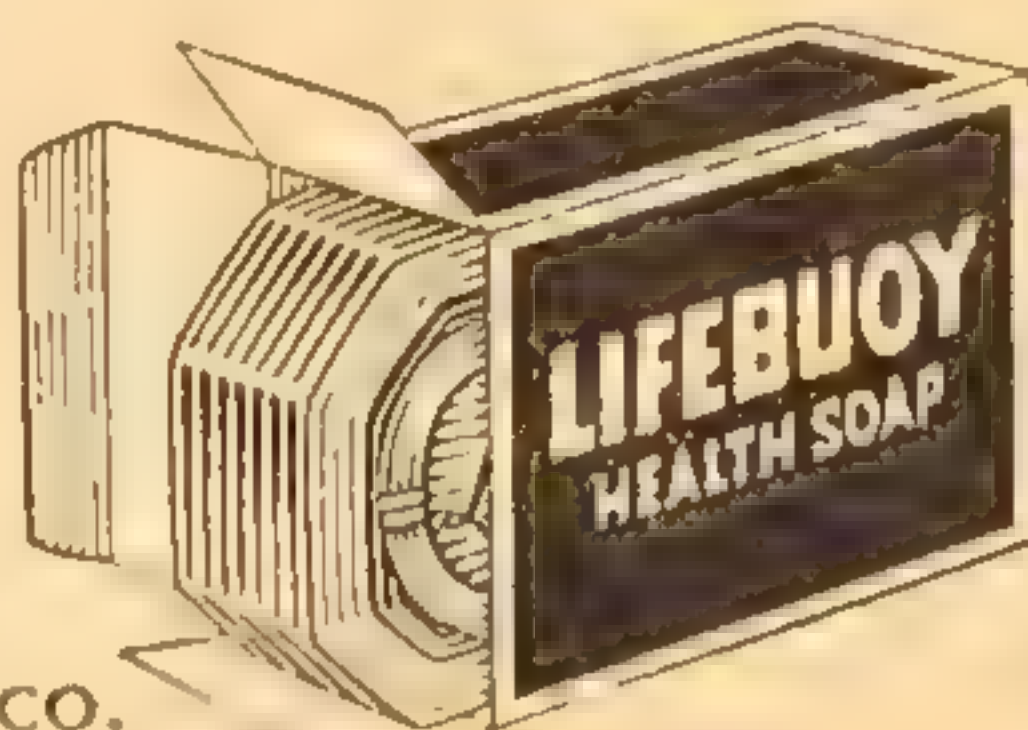
What's the sensible thing to do about "B.O."?

(body odor)

TAKE CHANCES? Trust to luck you won't offend? NO! "B.O." (body odor) is too serious to trifle with. Play safe—bathe regularly with Lifebuoy. Its clean, refreshing, quickly-vanishing scent tells you Lifebuoy is different from ordinary toilet soaps. Its rich, penetrating lather purifies and deodorizes the pores—effectively stops "B.O."

Complexions freshen

Lifebuoy has helped thousands win new complexion beauty—and keep it! Its creamy, gentle, deep-cleansing lather washes away pore-clogging impurities—makes dull, cloudy skins radiant with new health.



A PRODUCT OF LEVER BROTHERS CO.

Richard Barthelmess, albeit he has proved his versatility in thirteen years of screen stardom, won his first great success as the illiterate boy in "Tol'able David" and as the equally unschooled hero of "Fury" and "The Patent-Leather Kid." Dick did not graduate, but he did attend Trinity College for three years with high academic laurels and was enrolled for his final year, when Alla Nazimova induced him to feed his love for the stage by appearing with her in "War Brides."

Won Fame as Sewer Sweeper

AND Charles Farrell, who attended Boston University for three and one-half years, became a film deity by playing a sewer-cleaner in "Seventh Heaven." In college he was a Sigma Nu and captain of the boxing team. He majored in psychology, but became too interested in theatricals, as the result of working in his father's motion picture theatre, to put his training to use.

Of course, every rule must have its exceptions, so it is not surprising to find a few college grads who have maintained impeccable gentility on the screen.

There's Fredric March, whose real name is Fredric McIntyre Bickel. He's an alumnus of the University of Wisconsin, where he was an Alpha Delta Phi, manager of the varsity football team, president of the student body, senior class president, and the idol of the dramatic club. To-day, in the University of Wisconsin's year books, he is listed as one of the school's distinguished alumni. His success in college dramatics turned his course to the stage.

There's Hardie Albright, graduate of Carnegie Tech. He, also, was a dramatic-club star. Eve Le Gallienne saw him in a junior class play and offered him a stage contract when he finished his studies.

Leslie Howard, Conrad Nagel, Kenneth MacKenna and Ralph Morgan (who is entitled to add the coveted letters LL.D. to his name) have also—with an occasional lapse—specialized in screen dignity.

Only Five Women Graduates

SO far as I can discover, there are only five university graduates among the feminine screen stars—Irene Dunne, who was graduated from the Chicago College of Music; Tala Birell, who finished her studies in Fürstin-Bismarck College, Austria; and Doris Kenyon, Aline MacMahon and Mary Doran, all three of whom are graduates of Columbia University. Ann Harding, Katharine Hepburn and Gloria Stuart all spent three years in college.

It would be equally revealing to list the stars who have constantly portrayed ultra-ultra swank, and examine their academic records—but why go into that? The great majority of Hollywood's mimes either finished high-school or have one or two years of intermediate schooling to their credit.

Elissa Landi, Sari Maritza, Helen Hayes, Claudette Colbert and Ethel Barrymore had private tutors. Constance Bennett attended a finishing school in New York. Her sister, Joan, was attending a private school in France when she eloped to marry John Fox. An early marriage also ended Jean Harlow's studies midway through finishing school. Will Rogers (who prides himself on his grammatical slips) and John Gilbert were sent to military school. Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., and John Barrymore studied art in Paris. Robert Montgomery was forced to quit prep school when the fortunes of his family collapsed. Marguerite Churchill and Tom Brown were graduated from the Professional Children's School in New York City.

Greta Garbo, according to all the evidence I can unearth, did not progress beyond elementary school. Greta, you know, is a little reticent. (The last time I interviewed her, she would not talk.) Maurice Chevalier has only the most rudimentary

(Continued on page 81)

Katharine Hepburn Answers Twenty Startling Questions

(Continued from page 23)

that was a fool-proof part. I reserve opinion until after I make another picture."

15. *Were you ever fired from a stage production?*

"I was discharged from every stage job I ever had, but one. Various reasons were offered by my employers. One producer said I was 'too fresh.' Several told me I could not act. Three times I was re-employed after I had been fired."

16. *Are you temperamental?*

"No. I have a temper, but I don't stage such displays as those of so-called temperamental actors. Most of their outbreaks are absurd. I have a temper, but I'm learning to control it."

17. *What do you dislike most about motion pictures?*

"Publicity about my private life. My professional career is public property but my personal affairs are strictly my own."

"Interviewers—like yourself—pry until actresses have no secrets from the world. I have heard it said that movie stars have no more privacy than a gold fish. At least, a goldfish has its nights to itself."

18. *Are you planning to "do a Garbo"—refuse to be interviewed?*

"I think that such a move would be presumptuous now, but if I cannot be interviewed without confessing how I sleep, and whether I bathe daily or weekly, and what I think of love, I shall eventually be forced into privacy."

19. *Do you like to attract attention to yourself?*

"I suppose I am an exhibitionist. I like to cut up and be the center of things when I'm among friends. But I fear and dislike crowds; I don't like being stared at by strangers."

"Sometimes I don't wonder that Greta Garbo went into seclusion. Although I believe I am less crowd-conscious than she, staring crowds frighten me and may cause me to creep into a shell."

20. *Why did you protest when the studio wardrobe department charged a nickel to sew a patch on your overalls?*

"Primarily, just to be aggravating, because I was in a blue mood the day it happened. And after all, don't you think it was rather cheap of the studio to charge me a nickel? Had the charge been a few dollars, the act wouldn't have been petty, and I would not have minded paying."



Yes, Katharine is married (to Ludlow Smith), but does NOT have any children. She is now making "The Great Desire"

*You can Read the News
in a Man's eyes...*



... the news that you're attractive! And that sort of message carries a thrill. It lends sparkle to conversation; gives a girl the right degree of assurance! All these lead to a true popularity.

As girls who have the happiest times know so well, the sure way to look one's best is to use Coty Face Powder. For here is a Powder which doesn't claim that one tone is good enough for every woman!

Coty is too much the artist to ask you to believe that! Instead Coty en-

hances your Fate-given individuality.

If you cherish a personal type of charm, you will insist on Coty's cleverly blended skin tones! There is one—there may be several—which will give your complexion a clear, new look of loveliness.

And then, there's the absolute safety of Coty Powder! Purity so dependable that girls with the most delicate skin make a point of using it exclusively.

Ask your favorite store for Coty Face Powder, modestly priced.



Glorious, beauty-inciting, are the powder nuances: Severose, Rachel-Nacré, Mauve, Ocre-Rose—which only Coty blends. Favorites frequently chosen are Rachel 1, Rachel 2, and Naturelle.





...it's her Mother!

THEY'RE great friends, these two — doing everything, going everywhere together. People think they're sisters—for mother has wisely safeguarded her youth. She has never let gray hair set her apart from her daughter—make her a member of the “older generation.”

Today there's no need to tolerate gray hair, that makes you old and faded before your time. Notox, the new scientific hair coloring protects you from dreaded Heartbreak Age. Notox is undetectable—totally different from those antiquated “hair dyes” that were rightly considered objectionable.

Instead of crusting the hair

with a surface plate of dye, Notox gently penetrates the hair and colors it inside the shaft where nature does. Your hair remains beautifully soft, fine and lustrous. Wash it, wave it, expose it to the sun all you like—Notoxed hair retains its natural, even shade as permanently as nature's own color!

Better hairdressers always apply Inecto Rapid Notox. *Resent a substitute—a like product does not exist.* Buy it at smart shops everywhere.

• • Send for free copy of the fascinating booklet “HEARTBREAK AGE”—and avoid that unhappy time! We will give you, too, the address of a conveniently located beauty shop where you may have your hair recolored with Notox. Write Dept. 39, Sales Affiliates, Inc., 33 W. 46th St., N.Y.

Inecto Rapid **NOTOX**
Colors hair inside where nature does

Our Hollywood Neighbors

(Continued from page 12)

cinema boys and girls all in a dither is Elsa Maxwell, who arrived in the village with the impressive title of “hostess of the world.” Famed in European cities, calling kings and queens by their first names (if that means anything at this late day), Hollywood took Elsa to its hospitable “buzzom.” And what did Elsa up and do? She went to her first Mayfair party and found it dull. Moreover she admitted it.

Now Hollywood knew all along that Mayfair was dull—DARNED dull—but no one before had ever said so. That was lese majesty, and besides, the stars have to have SOME place where they can wear their ermine coats. They can't wear 'em to the six-day bicycle races.

REVENGE is sweet, if you can believe all you read, and Hollywood got back at Elsa when she arranged a big Christmas Eve party for Gary Cooper. Hollywood said her party was dull, too. So THERE! Seems a shame to drag poor Gary into the argument. His soiree must have cost him a lot of money. There were more electric lights in front of his house than at the Chinese on premiere nights. What DO you suppose Elsa would say about a premiere? We probably couldn't even print it.

THIS may be a surprise to a lot of folks. As soon as the news was broadcast that Janet Gaynor had walked out of Lydell Peck's home, Hollywood began to revive the old Gaynor-Farrell romance chat. The fact that Charlie is apparently perfectly happy with the lovely Virginia Valli didn't seem to make a bit of difference to the rocking-chair gossipers.

But—with Janet in Honolulu listening to the sad sea waves (or maybe they aren't sad over there) Charlie, Virginia and Lydell have been stepping out together. The three of them were having dinner at the Beverly Hills Brown Derby just the other evening.

It doesn't look like the Gaynor-Farrells will ever get around to co-starring in private life.

THE movie colony is talking about Mary Pickford's bravery in carrying on after the death of Jack Pickford. She led the Pasadena New Year's Day parade when she knew that her brother's life was drawing to a close. And, Mary, on that bright, California morning, wearing a white ermine cloak, and riding in a rose-decorated carriage, looked like a girl in her teens. Never has she been more beautiful. On the day after Jack's death she was back on the set at “Secrets.”

Just another example of that old and rather moth-eaten theatrical maxim—“the show must go on”—but few people realized the wealth of affection that existed between Mary and the likable, harum-scarum Jack.

WITH everyone (well, maybe everyone) is taking in too much ground) trying to decide what are the most beautiful words in the language, Mae West steps forth with her contribution. Mae doesn't bother with pretty sounds like saffron, moonlight, love, etc. She says the most beautiful words are “sugar daddy.” And maybe she's right. And John Gilbert would never pass up “colossal” as the most beautiful of them all. Jimmy Durante's *cherce* is “thisa” and “thata”—and a “mortified” thrown in for good measure.

SOMEHOW it seems faintly ironical but out at First National where Ruth Chatterton and William Powell have magnificent dressing-room bungalows, George Arliss dresses in two tiny rooms. They aren't even very elegant tiny rooms. And over at M-G-M, where Marion Davies has a bungalow that would do credit to Beverly Hills' best street, Norma Shearer clings to her first dressing-room on that lot. She was just a leading lady in those days, and not even a very PROMISING leading lady. It seems nobody thought she had the old s. a. Anyway her dressing-room was not grand by any means.

WILL ROGERS just keeps his saddles in the swanky dressing-room which Fox built for him.

So, the size of the star's dressing-room doesn't mean a thing in Hollywood. Times have changed since Pola Negri and Gloria Swanson started a civil war at Paramount as to which would have the toniest quarters.

WHOOPEE! An advertising line for "Frisco Jenny," the new Ruth Chatterton dramma, reads—"the lady whose name is shame from Shanghai to the Bowery." What must Mr. Hays have thought, and WHAT must the very proper Miss Chatterton have thought.

ALL is NOT sweetness and light in two famous Hollywood homes. If we could only mention names you would be taken aback. In each case it is the wife who has developed the old roving eye, and in each case it is the husband who is doing the fuming and fretting. The judge will probably hear all about it in time. With an average of practically one movie divorce a week during 1932 it looks like another bumper year for the lawyers. If 1933 is really going to bring back prosperity we'll have to have bigger and better divorces, and twice as many. The drawback seems to be that hardly anyone remains to be divorced in Hollywood.

On Cupid's side of the ledger, we hear that billing and cooing may resume at any time in the Ann Harding-Harry Banner ménage. The long-distance telephone calls between Ann in Hollywood, and Harry in New York, are reported to be SOMETHING. A \$500-a-month 'phone bill is just nothing at all, and at that rate, it's a LOT cheaper to kiss and make up.

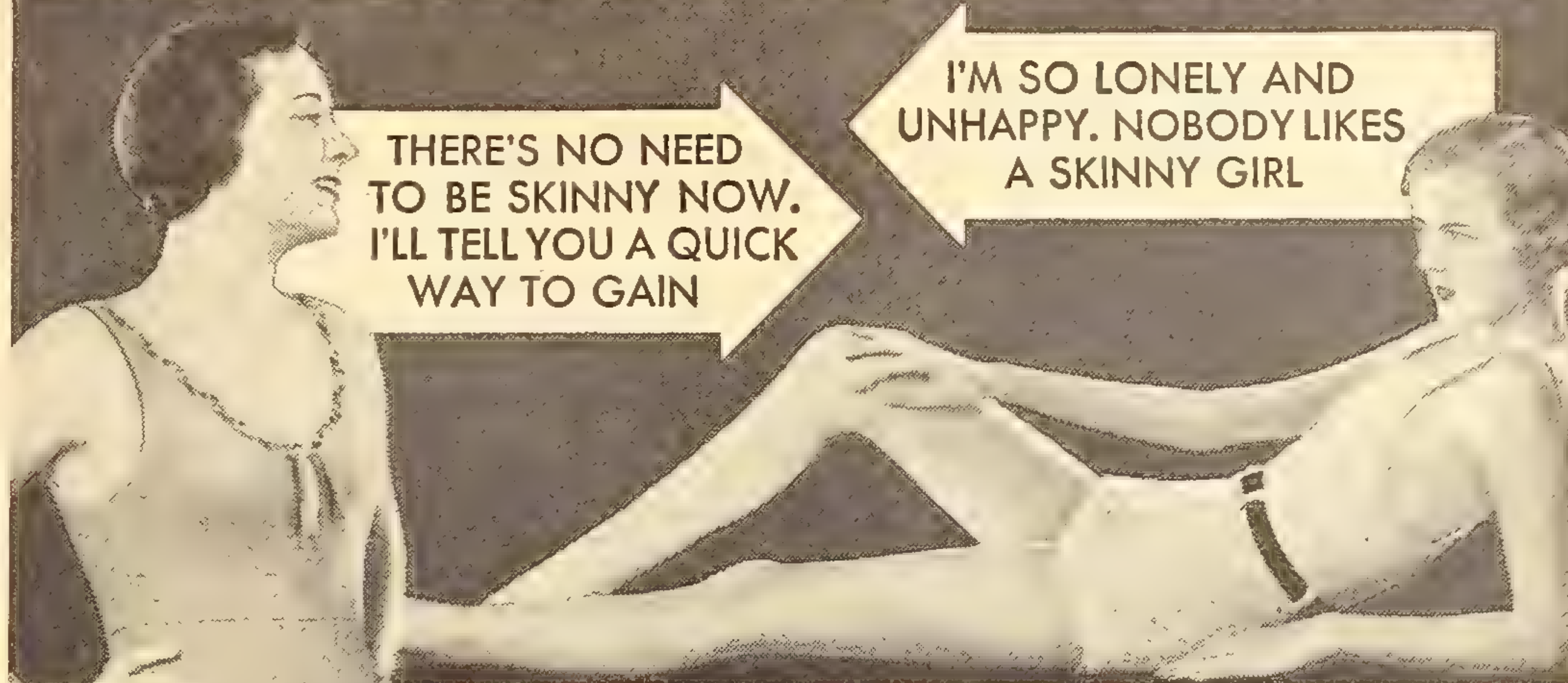
YOU might just as well prepare yourself for it, Hollywood is breaking out in a rash of theme songs again. Before the Spring thaws you'll be hearing all kinds of warbling from the silver screen. M-G-M, Paramount and Warners are hiring tunesmiths and chorus girls—they go together like ham and eggs. Warners are even announcing a revival of "Gold Diggers," to be called "Gold Diggers of 1933." All the modern improvements, of course, as you can tell from the title.

And, whether or not the studios have learned any more about the gentle art of filming musical comedy you must wait patiently to find out.

One cheerful thought for M-G-M, however. In this new musical tide there may be a place for "March of Time." That picture has been collecting dust on Metro's shelf for many a weary month. And hasn't it been one long headache to them, too.

AND then there's the story about the Hollywood wife who wondered and WONDERED what her husband did with his evenings. One night she came home and THERE he was.

DANGEROUS TO BE SKINNY



THERE'S NO NEED TO BE SKINNY NOW. I'LL TELL YOU A QUICK WAY TO GAIN

I'M SO LONELY AND UNHAPPY. NOBODY LIKES A SKINNY GIRL

Posed by professional models

New discovery adds pounds quicker than BEER

Astonishing gains with sensational double tonic. Richest imported beer yeast now concentrated 7 times and combined with energizing iron. Adds 5 to 15 lbs. in few weeks.



PHYSICIANS know well that skinny, anemic, run-down men and women are far more liable to serious infections and fatal wasting diseases. For years doctors prescribed beer to put flesh on these scrawny, weak, nervous people.

But now, thanks to a new scientific discovery, you can get even better results—put on firmer, healthier flesh than with beer—and in half the time. Thousands are gaining pounds of solid flesh in a few weeks, clear skin, new energy.

Concentrated 7 times

This amazing new product, called Ironized Yeast, is in pleasant tablets. It is made from specially cultured, imported beer yeast, the richest yeast known, which by a new process is concentrated 7 times—made 7 times more powerful. This super-rich yeast is then ironized with 3 kinds of strengthening iron.

Day after day, with Ironized Yeast, watch skinny bones and flat chest round out, complexion clear, stomach and bowel troubles vanish.

Results guaranteed

No matter how skinny and weak you may be, Ironized Yeast should build you up in a few weeks as it has thousands. If not delighted with the results of the very first package, money instantly refunded.

Only be sure you get genuine Ironized Yeast, and not some imitation that cannot give you the same results. Insist on the genuine, with "IY" stamped on each tablet.

Special FREE offer!

To start you building up your health right away, we make this FREE offer. Purchase a package of Ironized Yeast at once, cut out the seal on the box and mail to us with a clipping of this paragraph. We will send you a fascinating new book on health, "New Facts About Your Body." Remember, results are guaranteed with the very first package—or money refunded. At all drug-gists. Ironized Yeast Co., Dept. 203, Atlanta, Ga.

COMPARE YOUR MEASUREMENTS WITH THIS GIRL'S

Selected as having the best figure in the U. S. for her height, according closely to measurements favored by a famous theatrical producer and a great artist.

Height 5 ft., 3½ in.
Weight - 118 lbs.
Bust - 34 in.
Waist - 25 in.
Hips - 36 in.
Thigh - 21 in.
Calf - 13¼ in.



8 LBS. HUSKIER

"I have gained 8 lbs. taking Ironized Yeast. All my pimples are gone. I can sleep fine now where before I couldn't, and always get up feeling refreshed." Olaf C. Hanson, Carlsbad, California.



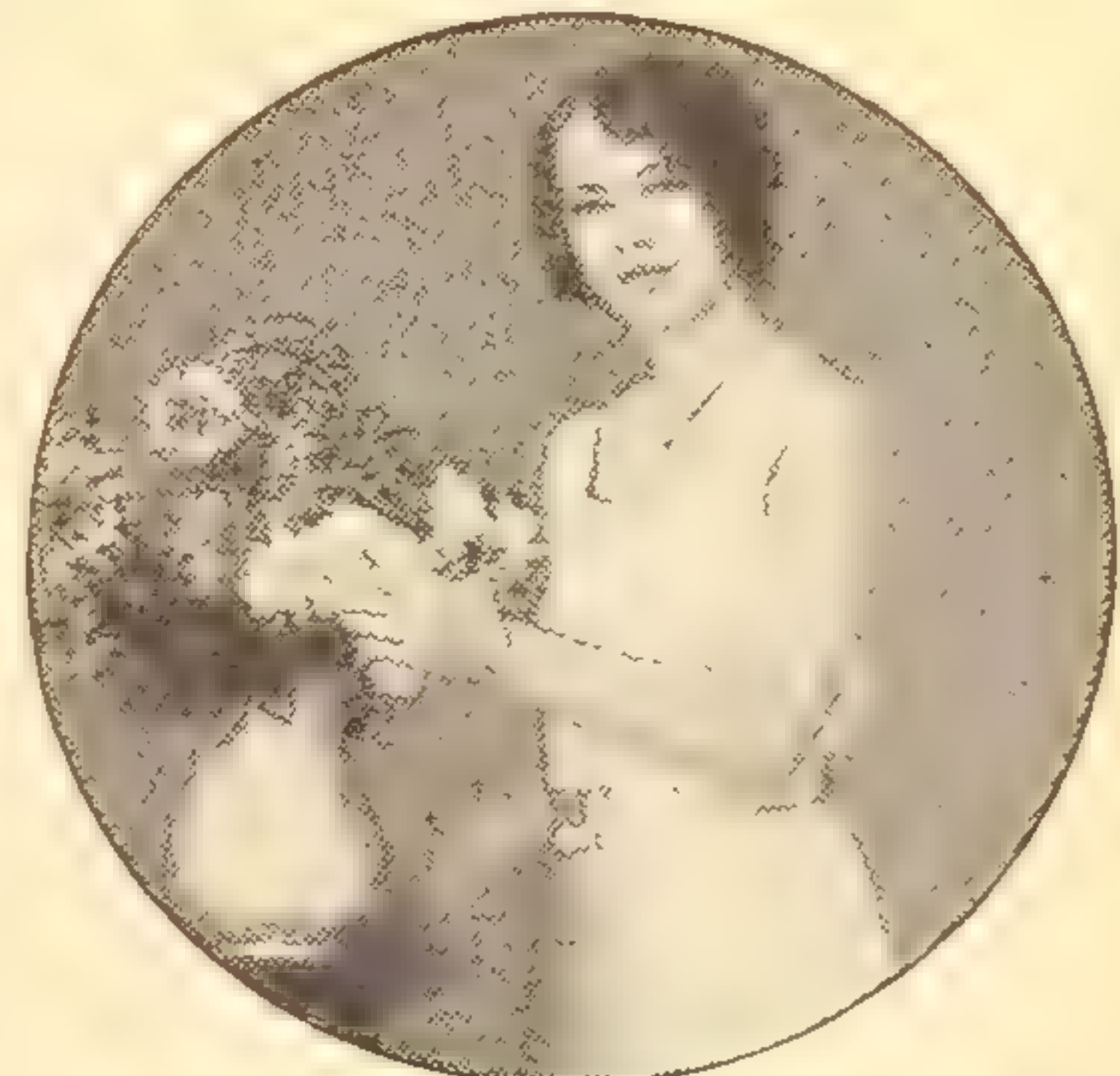
GAINS 15 LBS., NEW HEALTH

"I had been thin, weak and run-down, my complexion bad. Since taking Ironized Yeast I have gained 15 lbs. in 4 weeks, my skin is clearing and I feel wonderful." Lois S. Burkhardt, San Pedro, Calif.



GAINS 15 LBS. LOVELY SKIN

"I had indigestion and a blotched face. I took Ironized Yeast, gained 15 lbs. and my complexion is now admired." Miss S. Ryan, New York, N. Y.



NO LONGER RUN-DOWN, GAINS 14 LBS.

"I had a run-down system, so I tried Ironized Yeast. With 3 packages I gained 14 pounds. My friends are surprised at how good I look." Helen Rogers, Philadelphia, Pa.



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Ruth and Ralph and George— One for All, and All for One

(Continued from page 26)

mates; that they hunt, fish and ride together; that Ralph is a frequent and welcome visitor at the Brent home, where he sits as guest at a dinner table presided over by Ruth, just as she once served as a charming hostess when he played host. Or Ralph has Ruth and George in for dinner.

A delicate situation, you say? Not at all. For these, I repeat, are civilized people.

From the start, their behavior has reflected their extraordinarily good breeding. Their relationship cannot properly be termed a triangle. A triangle has sharp, unsightly corners. Ruth's finesse, George's sportsmanship and Ralph's understanding have made sharp corners impossible, have rounded them.

Ralph's Answer to George

RUTH and George met, as everyone knows, when he was assigned the rôle of leading man in her first starring picture under her Warner contract, "The Rich Are Always with Us." George had, I believe, previously met Ralph only once.

During the weeks of preparation and filming of the picture, George and Ralph formed a fast friendship. They conducted themselves as two men often do when they share a mutual and sincere regard. Imagine, then, Ralph's surprise upon being told by George that the friendship must end.

George was blunt and characteristically Irish. "I shall have to stop coming to your home," he said.

"Why?" asked Ralph.

"I am falling in love with your wife."

To which Ralph replied, also characteristically, "You have the best of taste."

A situation right out of a book, this. But solved with greater intelligence than most novelists display. Perhaps, though, we should not censure the novelists. They must pander to certain public taste in drawing their characters—a public that pretends to a higher civilization than it practises.

Without the slightest display of rancor or resentment, Ralph repeated to Ruth the frank statement made by George. And Ruth with equal candor, said, "I have already fallen in love with him."

Take this, you novelists; place it in the mouths of your characters. All of your artistry, all of your fine writing cannot make it a whit more dramatic. It is as simple and as complex in its elements as life is simple and complex. A wife tells her husband that she loves another man.

How They Discussed Parting

MASCULINE vanity alone would cause any ordinary man to rage at such an admission. The veneer of civilization would be stripped from him and he would become a primitive destroyer. But civilization is not a veneer with Ralph Forbes. It is inbred.

Ruth and Ralph sat up until dawn to talk over every aspect of the situation that confronted them. Sitting up until dawn was not an unusual practice of theirs. They frequently greeted the rising sun when the subject of their talk was of no particular import—a new book or a new play, perhaps.

Ruth says of Ralph to-day, "I treasure our early morning conversations among my fondest memories. The understanding and the inspiration that Rafe (the nickname by which he is known to Ruth and his friends) gave me are beyond comparison. I never made a decision without first discussing my problems with him. He was never too tired or too absorbed in his own problems to give full attention to mine.

"Ours was a comfortable marriage and in every way a successful one. It lasted seven and a half happy years with only one rift—and that was entirely my own fault. It led to a brief separation.

"We were reunited on the basis of our complete congeniality. Rafe is the most thoughtful man I have ever known. He showed me every consideration. Marriage did not dull his sense of the little courtesies that all women adore. He never intruded upon my privacy, yet I always knew he would be near if I needed him.

"Then love came, suddenly, unexpectedly, uncontrollably, as love is wont to do. But I told George I could not marry him if it meant sacrificing Rafe's friendship, and I found George as anxious to preserve the friendship as was I. Stout fellow."

And so they parted, Ruth and Ralph. They parted as they had lived—without bickering, without recrimination. Ruth went to Europe for a much-deserved rest from her film work—Ralph to Reno to start in motion the legal machinery of divorce.

So Ralph Went to Reno

IT was not decided at first who should obtain the decree. Ralph went to Reno merely to establish proper residence under the six-weeks law. Establishing his residence also meant establishing Ruth's, for she was still his wife. Either one could then sue for the decree.

Ruth, however, was having too good a time vacationing in Europe; she did not wish to come home so soon. She telephoned Ralph from half-way around the world. Wouldn't he please file the divorce papers? Any grounds at all would do. And never mind the proprieties that dictated that it should be the wife who seeks the divorce. Ralph agreed—somewhat reluctantly.

I believe that divorcing Ruth was the most difficult task that Ralph ever performed. His natural instincts rebelled against facing a magistrate to offer testimony regarding his marriage. This involved intimacies that, to his mind, should remain intimacies. I am not sure that he will even forgive me for trespassing into his private life as I have in this article. My only excuse, Ralph, is that I want everyone to know you, Ruth and George as I know you.

The Reno attorney, doubtless in the desire to be helpful, suggested incompatibility as the easiest grounds for divorce.

"I'll testify to no such absurd thing," was Ralph's vehement answer. "Incompatible, my eye! We were the most compatible couple in the world!"

His Only Cause for Divorce

IT was hours later before the attorney could wring one admission from Ralph that pointed to a single imperfection in Ruth's armor of perfection. She did not, Ralph sadly stated, like to hunt or fish!

The lawyer doubted if this would be strong enough evidence, but his client was willing to take a chance. He ceased to doubt after listening to Ralph's impassioned testimony on the witness stand. The discourse consumed nearly a half-hour and dealt exclusively with the tribulations of hunting and fishing all by himself. Ralph delivered such a heart-rending plea that an eyewitness swears that the judge wiped away a furtive tear as he granted the decree—on the grounds of "mental cruelty and divergence of tastes."

Ruth returned from Europe and joined George in New York. The day after her divorce was final, they were married in

Westchester. Ralph Forbes was not present at the wedding ceremony, but he telephoned his congratulations and, upon their arrival in Hollywood, met them at the train.

Of course, gossip immediately started. Unorthodox procedure always starts gossip in the film fraternity. Facts were avidly gathered to add to the flames. Facts burn so easily when ignited with innuendo. The unvarnished truth is not very inflammable.

And the truth is this: these people are truly civilized!

They have proved to their own satisfaction that marriage, divorce and remarriage are not deterrent to intelligent friendship. They have put themselves above petty jealousy and are reaping the reward of broader vision.

What They Think of Each Other

RUTH sums it up by saying, "I believe Rafe and I have retained the best of our relationship. My friendships are very important in my life—always have been very important, doubtless always will be. And George, with fine understanding, never interferes. It would have been comparatively simple for him to have performed an about-face after our marriage and to have trumped up some reason why I should discontinue seeing Rafe. Nothing of the sort has ever occurred. As a matter of fact, it is George who usually suggests that we invite Rafe over for the evening.

"There can be no possible choice between George and Rafe in their display of sportsmanship. I count myself fortunate, indeed, to have won George's love and Rafe's friendship."

Ralph Forbes has a word to add. He asks, "Why spoil anything as fine as our friendship by dramatics that could only be insincere? George Brent's entry into our lives, when Ruth was Mrs. Forbes, called for no melodrama. A few unimportant people were, of course, thereby cheated of their Roman holiday. But I feel no cause to apologize to them for the lack."

George Brent says, "Many people talk a great game of sportsmanship, but precious few play one. Rafe has behaved like the thoroughbred he is at all times. There is no man I'd rather see or with whom I'd rather be. What more need be said?"

Nothing more need ever be. For here you have the whole truth about this civilized trio—Ruth and George and Ralph.

Do I hear a second to the nomination for a new Nobel Prize?



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Why Is Leslie Howard The Man of the Moment?

(Continued from page 44)

have you than any other actor on the screen as a co-star?"

Leslie demurred and shied the question, as I knew he would. But I persisted. I even hinted, rather strongly, that, after all, he has not the verve of a Gable or the roguish eyes and oh-that-mouth of a Chevalier.

He drank his tea, looking, despite his Western outfit, very British and very Galsworthy, and seemed to be unable to think of any graceful way in which to clothe an answer to so bold a question.

I said, "I think the answer is obvious. I think you are the most sought-after actor in Hollywood for the simple and obvious reason that you are a very great actor."

Not "Talented" by Accident

"If I am," Leslie Howard said, smiling into his teacup, "if I am—which I cannot agree with—it is NOT because I was born so. It is no accident. It is not any 'happenstance' of personality or of physical appearance. If there is any truth whatever in what you are saying, it is because *I have learned my craft.*"

"I have worked at my craft for years and years. Oh yes, years. Unremittingly. I have learned my craft precisely as a good mechanic, or a good plumber, learns his. I cannot play Leslie Howard, you know, as a man like Gable can play Clark Gable and win the multitudes. I have to *work*. I have to act the part. I haven't the personality or the looks to be—myself. That is the sole and only answer to any such assumption—I *have taken the equipment at hand and I have learned how to use it.*"

"And I have only done, by the way, what every man must do from this time forth if he is to survive. The world has changed. There is a new philosophy in the world to-day. There is a new set of values. The new philosophy, the new values have little to do with Money. Little to do with Things, with material possessions, with luxuries, with accumulated savings. There is no sort of use in making prophecies about Communism or Socialism or Technocracy—but certainly and positively, Capitalism, as it existed in the Victorian era and later, is gone."

"There is no use, any longer, in saving money. Because there is no place to put it. No safe place. Time was when a man worked vigorously all through his prime to hoard a nest-egg for a rainy day. There is no place to put a nest-egg any longer. The government takes half of what you earn and there is no hideaway for the balance."

Art, Not Money, Matters Now

"TIME was, a year or so ago, when an actor might and often did say, 'Well, I shall make four pictures this year. They won't be very good pictures, but at the end of the year I shall have such and such a sum of money.' The actor who figures that way to-day has not heard the overtones of the new philosophy, which says that there is no Tomorrow for material things. The only thing to say now is, 'I shall make *one* picture this year. I won't get very much

money for it, but it will be supremely well done. I will be able to give a supreme performance. *It will matter, artistically.*"

"And this *is* the new philosophy—mine, at any rate. To do the thing you are doing, no matter what it may be, better than anyone else is doing it. To work for the joy and the pride of working. To be *equipped* to work with your hands and with your brain. To learn a trade. Only people with crafts are safe to-day—the earners, not the savers. There is no longer the golden bulwark of capitalism to rest upon."

"And it is better so. I, for one, like the way things are to-day, like the trend things are taking. Individual effort will be more worth while. We will be working for deeper and, certainly, more lasting satisfactions than luxuries and stocks and bonds and comforts we have never really needed."

"Our homes will mean more to us than they have ever meant before. Because we will not have the outside things we used to have. We will have leisure we have never had before, and we will have to learn to use that leisure, beautifully and self-profitably. Our families will mean more to us, for much the same reasons. We will have more time to give to them and there will not be so many outside distractions to interfere with personal developments."

"Our children will mean more to us, too, because the external things we can do for them will be decreased. We will have to bring them up to appreciate the things in life that do not come only as the results of money. Because, no matter how we may be fixed ourselves, individually, our children will have to go out into a world where people are working for the pride of achievement and for values that have nothing to do with ostentation."

Are These the Answers?

IT was while Leslie was talking that the answers to the question came to me. Leslie Howard is the Man of the Moment because, for one reason, which he gave himself, *he knows his craft.* He does not consume time and patience and retakes by blundering and ineptness.

But he is also the Man of the Moment for another reason—he gives us *idealism.* He gives us something that is not materialistic, not wholly physical. He gives us something we need more than the material and the physical, which have failed us.

He speaks to us of dreams, of the things and the qualities that we may still have, though capitalism staggers completely and man ceases to work for gold alone. He gives us the *sense* of the man who is to be, the man who stands for individual achievement, for honest personal endeavor, for artistry.

Leslie Howard is an idealist. He prefers to do only the thing in which he can take pride. He says that he has compromised now and then, enforcedly. But he has not done those things of which he could be genuinely ashamed. He is the Man of the Moment because he is, also, the Man of Tomorrow—when men will be finer than they are to-day.

Did You Know That—

Leslie Howard has been writing a play between pictures, and may break Hollywood hearts by going East to star in it?

Edward G. Robinson, now making "The Little Giant," hopes to finish it in time to fly East to help Mrs. Robinson welcome the stork late in February or early in March?

The London play in which Herbert Marshall has been co-starring with his wife, Edna Best, is closing—because they, also, anticipate a Blessed Event?

Far From Home, But Near to Stardom

(Continued from page 51)

Diana doesn't mind. She has small patience with the fears that unhappily ride so many of us in these dangerous days.

No small part of her straightforward matter-of-factness stems from the security of her excellent education. She was trained in private schools in England, intending to become a teacher of domestic science. It was only when she proved so successful in the school plays, and later in small amateur performances, that she became switched, professionally. When her intention did change, however, she approached it with customary thoroughness. First she completed her formal education, then enrolled for the study of stage technique under a private tutor. Here she worked long and arduously, and with the results which later were to expose themselves so advantageously. And in 1925 a program of the Globe Theatre in London revealed that among the guests in a cabaret scene in "The Grand Duchess" was Miss Diana Wynyard. She was then nineteen years old.

Where She Learned Her Acting

FOLLOWING her début in "The Grand Duchess," she toured the country with a traveling stock company, playing forty different rôles during the engagement—which was excellent training, to say the least. Then she went on tour, playing the ingénue rôle with Marie Lohr, one of England's favorite actresses. At the conclusion of this engagement, she joined the Liverpool Repertory Company—and then came London.

Trained, spirited and lovely to look upon, Diana found the battle of the city far different from that of the usual young aspirant to its favor. After the indifferent start seemingly characteristic of most successful careers, she found herself established in "Sorry You've Been Troubled," with Walter Hackett, and Londoners knew that a new star was among them.

During this engagement an unusual proposition was offered her. A young playwright named Benn W. Levy (who is now scribbling at Paramount) saw her in a hotel lobby and forthwith decided that she was the one person to play the leading feminine rôle in his new play. When he learned that Diana was already a well-known actress, he was that delighted—and doubly so when she agreed to take the part in a special try-out performance that he had arranged. This was with the understanding that she would be given the rôle if and when the play went into actual production.

"The Devil Passes" caused no end of a stir in England. Based on a most unconventional theme—the visit of Satan to earth in the guise of a clergyman—it considerably exorcised the religious authorities of the country, and its production was for some time forbidden in England. Meanwhile Diana—after creating her rôle in this piece—went into "Petticoat Influence," which Helen Hayes did on Broadway. This busied her for nine months, and then she did "Lean Harvest" with Leslie Banks, that very able actor who recently scored so heavily in his screen début in "The Most Dangerous Game."

Westward Ho! in a Hurry

EARLY in 1932, Levy made arrangements for the production of "The Devil Passes" in America, and in November Diana came to New York to play her original rôle. Once the show opened, everyone knew that it was merely a question of who would get her first for pictures. M-G-M won—and as soon as the play closed, West she went to make "Rasputin and the Empress" with Ethel, Lionel and John Barrymore, playing the rôle of the *Grand Duchess*.

Meanwhile Fox, after seemingly having tested half the young women of Christendom for the all-important rôle of the heroine in "Cavalcade," decided that Miss Wynyard was the one person for the lead opposite Clive Brook, for the rôle of the young beauty who ages so gracefully and dramatically. She was borrowed—and thus we have the uncommon spectacle of a girl as yet unknown to screen fame acting in two of the biggest productions of the year. And with a third coming up—for so delighted was Metro with her work in "Rasputin" that the company has decided to cast her opposite John Barrymore in its forthcoming production of that great hit of last year's theatrical season, "Reunion in Vienna," which Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontanne did for the Theatre Guild. How's that for hitting the high spots?

Naturally, Diana is thrilled. And, happily, she is appreciative of the chances so lavishly bestowed upon her. Not at all is she of the type of stage performer given to eyebrow lifts regarding all things celluloid. She thinks pictures "terrifically exciting and interesting," and in no wise inferior as a medium to that of the legitimate stage.

"I don't believe the two are comparable, really," she says. "They are two separate activities, with advantages and problems peculiar to each, and I don't think it rightfully can be said that one is the superior of the other."

Why She Misses the Stage

"I MISS the stage principally because in its life I knew that always, no matter how dull the day, there would be the stimulation of the evening's performance. Something to point to and be keyed up by. Now I work steadily—and seemingly all the time!—and there are no particular high spots. I suppose that's why I often find myself feeling that my day has had no climax. And climax, high spots, I demand of myself. My ambitions aren't mercenary. *I don't care what happens to me—so long as what I do I satisfy myself in doing!*"

Diana is content to do most of her scoring in the theatrical life, and not the sporting. She is not a particularly athletic girl. True, since she has been in California she has taken up horseback riding, and she swims some, but she leaves the tennis and the golf to the more proficient members of her sex.

"I might like to give them a bit of a go," she confesses, "but everyone is so terribly good at sports out here that I don't dare. My ego doesn't like for me to take lickings—at anything—and it seems that the day of the simple sports duffer is past, given way to that of people who play nearly as well as professionals."

In her own fields of amusement, however, Diana bars no competition. She is a delightful talker, full of shrewd and witty comment, and there is nothing in all the world she likes better than to sit up until the late hours, chatting with friends. One thing she misses in Hollywood is this habit, so usual in England. Here people for the most part seem to be either partying, going places, or to bed. But then, there aren't many people in Cinemanía so well equipped for conversation as Diana—with her trained and well-stocked mind, and bubbling humor. She does not play bridge.

Not Lonely When Alone

THUS she is alone considerably, a fact not wholly unpleasant to her. Aside from the occasional linking of her name with that of Benn Levy, there have been no romance rumors about Diana. The young gentlemen of Hollywood do, I am afraid,

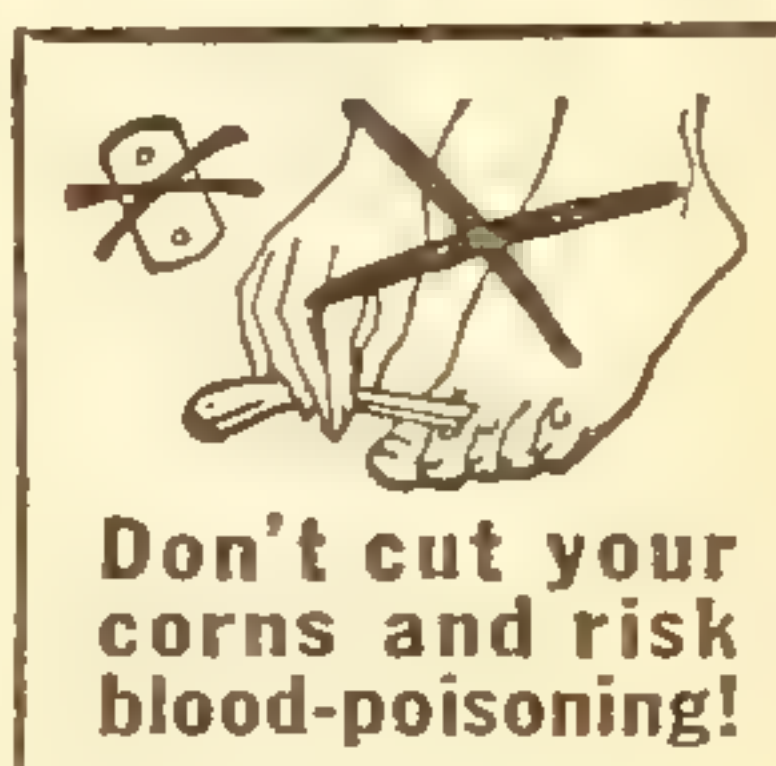
(Continued on page 80)

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Hollywood's "Love Runaways" Write Home

(Continued from page 17)

wood aghast when she impetuously turned her back on all that screen stardom could offer and sailed away to Europe with her newly-acquired husband, Leslie Fenton. True, such an independent gesture might have been expected of Leslie Fenton, who has always refused to be cramped by the prosaic ruts that other people follow. Once before, he had rejected stardom and wealth to pursue a will-o'-the-wisp of adventure.

But Ann! Why, Ann Dvorak stood on the threshold of an ultra-brilliant career. Only two weeks before her sudden departure, she had been made a star. In the previous year, she had flashed upward, like a soaring rocket, from obscurity to fame. Her work in "Scarface," "The Strange Love of Molly Louvain" (during the making of which she and Leslie fell in love), "Crooner" and "Three on a Match" had commanded ecstatic praise from the critics—and fabulous offers from the producers. Warner Brothers had purchased her contract from Howard Hughes. United Artists wanted her to play opposite Ronald Colman in "Cynara."

Hollywood couldn't understand anyone's flouting its treasures or snubbing stardom, for the sake of so intangible a thing as "happiness." Few people have ever rebelled against fame and material wealth!

What Tempted Them to Europe

THE fact is that when Ann and Leslie left Hollywood, they intended nothing more than a belated honeymoon trip through the Panama Canal to New York. It was after their arrival in New York that they decided to go on to Europe. Leslie received an offer from UFA, the famous German studio, to play the lead in "F. P. No. 1," a futuristic picture based on transatlantic passenger flight. The offer was no more tempting, financially, than several which awaited him in Hollywood, but—

It meant a trip to "the other side of the mountain," and it sent the wanderlust racing through his blood. And Ann had never traveled, and there were so many things in Europe he wanted her to see...

"After this," Ann wrote in another letter, "we will be willing to settle down and work for a while, anyway! I feel as though I would be a better actress for having seen a little of the world. You know what a narrow life I've always led. I felt when I was working in pictures that I hadn't had enough experience and background... They wanted me to play the lead in Les' picture. I'd have loved it—but even if my contract is jeopardized already, I wouldn't take the risk of making matters worse. Jill Esmond is playing the part, instead—it's a great picture. I do admire Hartl, the director."

And so Ann made her decision between Fame and Adventure. She was dissatisfied, though not actually rebellious, because of her comparatively small salary. She was tired, for she had made seven pictures without a vacation. She was wise enough, in spite of the fact that she was only nineteen, to know the logic of seizing happiness by the nape of the neck when opportunity presented—and she was madly in love. In one of her letters, she writes:

Known as "The Inseparables"

"THEY (Leslie's fellow-workers at UFA) call us 'the inseparables,' and I guess we deserve the name. The time Leslie went to Bishop in California on location was enough. We were both so unhappy that we decided it isn't worth it."

So Ann calmly jilted stardom and sailed away on a gay adventure with the man she loves. No question about that love. Ann's mother told me of the deluge of letters she has received from the runaways.

"Whether Ann made a business error or not," she said, "she is completely happy. Judging from her letters, one would think that she and Leslie discovered love and have an absolute monopoly on it. I have no worries about their future."

And, you may recall that Hollywood predicted that the Dvorak-Fenton marriage could never be a success, and once tried to say that Ann's mother disapproved.

Ann and Leslie "did" London, Paris, Vienna, Stockholm, Copenhagen, Munich, Hamburg. They spent several weeks in Switzerland, tasting the thrill of Alpine sports. They journeyed on to Soviet Russia. With every new vista, Ann's letters grew more enthusiastic. They traveled unpretentiously, for, to tell the truth, they were obliged to make a little money go far.

Finally, Leslie had to report to UFA to start work. Ann spent all of her time on the set with him studying the German technique of picture-making. After a week or so



"The Inseparables" at Cuxhaven, Germany—where they earned the nickname!

in Berlin, the company went to Cuxhaven on the Baltic, and from there Ann wrote:

"We're on a barren little island which boasts only this one little hotel. It's only used for a lighthouse base, really. They have built quite a large set at one end of the island. They have terrible storms here—and even without rain, there is too much wind for proper recording. We are getting lots of exercise—we walked sixteen miles the other day and twelve the day before. We hiked according to the only decent map we could get, to the top of a mountain in the middle of a forest, and found there a lonely old castle. Fun is fun, but I think we will be glad to get back to Berlin where we can sit down to a nice cup of tea and say, 'Twas a grand experience.'"

And in another letter from Cuxhaven:

"I'm speaking German fairly well now. I spent most of the time studying it as we traveled around. Leslie, of course, speaks German fluently, so we talk to each other, half the time in German and half the time in English. Everyone kids us about our obvious happiness, and certainly we never make any effort to hide it.

"We're having lots of fun. There was a hurricane on the sea and it damaged the floating set where the company has been working. Everyone is so good-natured. Even having production delayed so long by bad weather doesn't seem to bother them.

"All this walking and sea air is making new people of us. We are beginning to look like a couple of confirmed German hikers. We have bought a couple of heavy wool roughneck sweaters that are ideal for this Baltic climate. I never imagined there could be so many interesting things to do and see in a little seacoast village."

And again:

Says They're "Unbelievably Happy"

"THERE'S a place here about three hours out of Cuxhaven called 'Helgoland.' It's rather like a fairy tale to me. It's on an island that rises sheer from the sea on every side. The boat only goes out every other day, so we had to stay overnight. There's another little island called Menewerk, and at night, when the tide goes out—it runs for miles—we take a horse and buggy and drive right through a foot or so of water in order to reach it. It's nearly twenty miles off-shore."

From Berlin, after the company's return to the UFA studios, she wrote:

"Everything's quite rolling in a buttercup, as Leslie says. We are having a grand time and are unbelievably happy. I never dreamed that anyone could be as thoughtful as Leslie has been during this entire trip. He is continually planning something for my pleasure and seems to take even more joy in my enthusiasms than I do, myself. All in all, I wouldn't have missed this wonderful experience for any amount of personal success. Leslie and I want our marriage to be completely happy—and what better start could we possibly have made than to share so many pleasures? We fall more deeply in love every day."

"I do a lot of walking—seeing as much of the town as possible. I've been through dozens of shops and department stores, as well as most of the art galleries and museums. I feel that I'm acquiring knowledge and experiences of real value."

"We went to the Metropole Opera House the other night to see Fritz Massary, the German idol, in an operetta. This Massary is sixty-five years old—and *what* a personality! It was all in German, of course, but we both understood every word. It was a great thrill to me to realize that our study has produced results."

Reminded of Hollywood

"THERE'S a street here that reminds me of Hollywood Boulevard — Kurfurstendamm—but much nicer, with better stores and wider sidewalks. But it is brilliantly lighted, like Hollywood Boulevard, and everyone parades up and down it in just the same way."

"I think the whole attraction of Europe lies in its color and variety—the oldness of things and traditions that a newcomer is always conscious of. I am, anyway. *Paris is the city.* It is unbelievably beautiful."

"Leslie is almost through with his work, so I suppose that before many more weeks have passed, we'll be on our way home. I know I'll bring back with me a great many memories that I'll treasure as long as I live. I wonder how I'll be greeted when I report to the studio? No matter what happens, it's been worth it—and I know that I'll be able to do much better work, for I'm completely rested and fit as a fiddle."

Since Ann wrote that letter, her contract has been renewed by Warner Brothers. Apparently, she is to carry on as though her career had never been interrupted.

Probably by the time this reaches print, she and Leslie will be back in Hollywood. And though Cinematown, collectively, will still wonder at their audacity in flouting fame, I'll wager that more than one wearied celebrity will envy their courage. Ann's letters reveal her happiness, and, as she contends, happiness is the "all-important fact."

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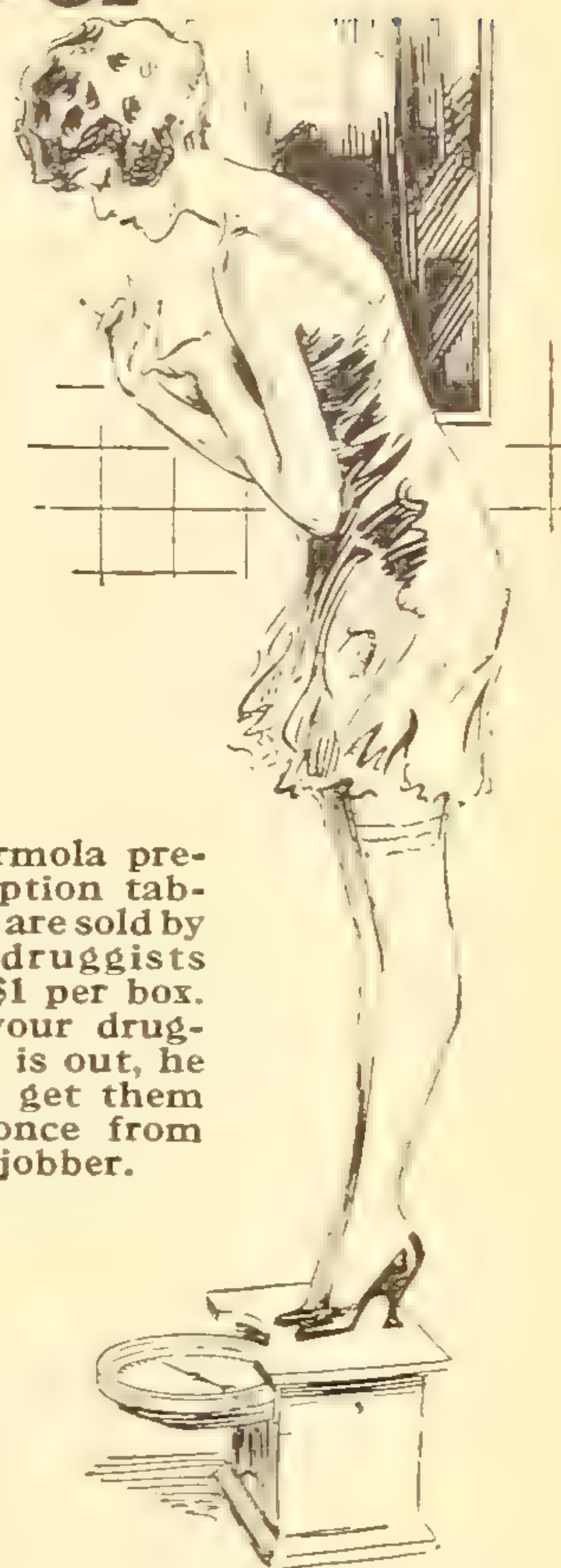
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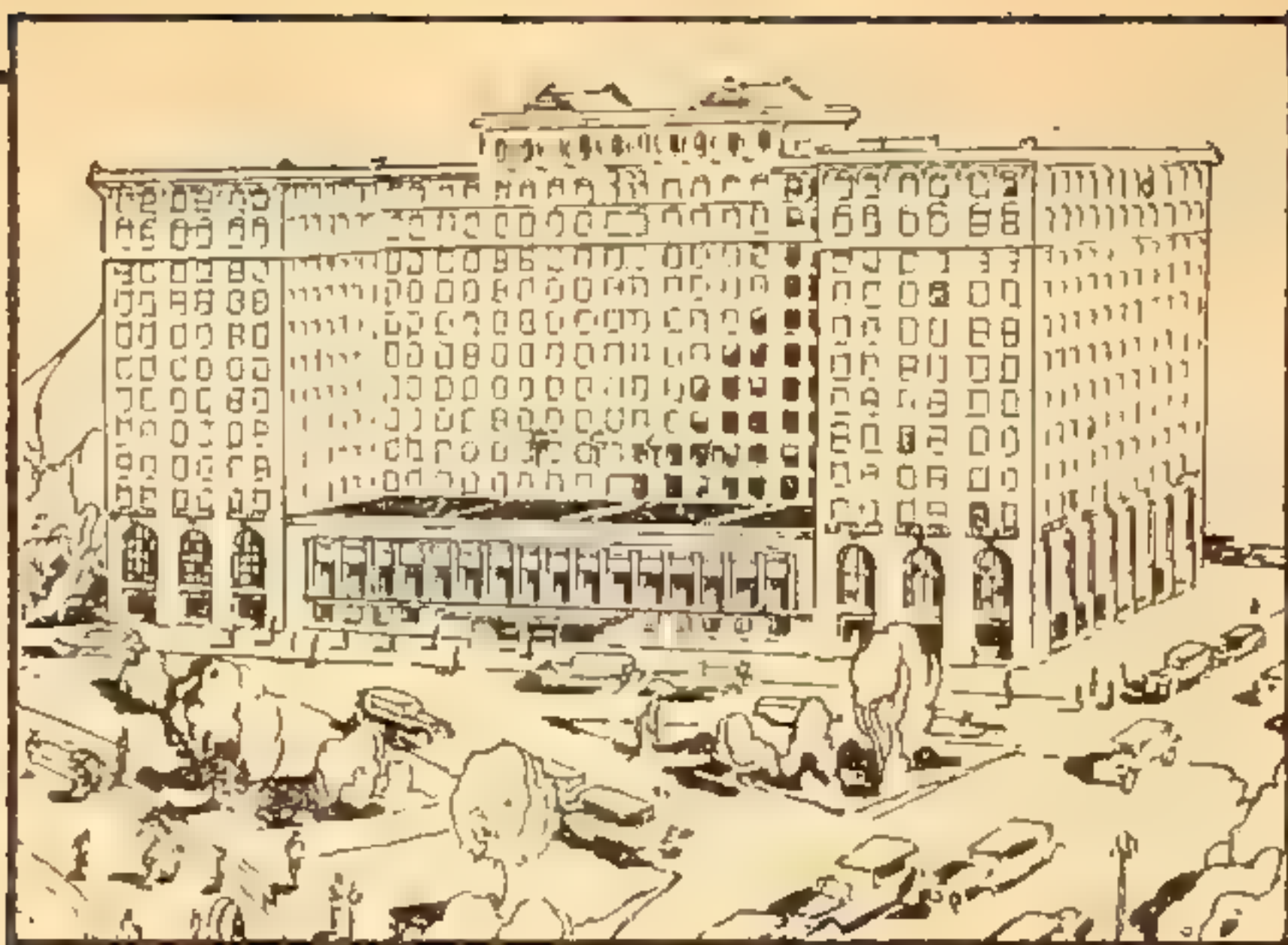
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Far From Home, But Near to Stardom

(Continued from page 77)

consider her a bit too fast on her mental feet. Levy is her favorite playwright, and her preferred novelist also is a friend, Charles Morgan (author of "The Fountain"). She reads mystery yarns on the set, to fill in those long, dull, in-between periods of waiting for her scenes. And it is on sets that Diana is spending most of her time, these days.

She is five feet, six inches tall and weighs one hundred and twenty pounds. Her hair is a golden brown that photographs darker, and her eyes a gray-blue that seem lighter. Her favorite food is caviar, and she does not care at all for anything sweet. She lives in a house on Whitley Heights with Daisey, who has been her maid and companion throughout her entire stage career, a cook and a chauffeur. She is restless; change and activity are her lexicons, and as religiously followed as is her avoidance of anything savoring of habit and monotony. She never wears jewelry.

When Diana speaks in that clipped, British accent, one is more than simply inclined to agree with her views. Hers might well be called The Voice of Conviction. It's a very elegant voice. She also has a large, mobile mouth, an addiction to simplicity in clothes, and a nice dog named Dormouse. She wears gowns with simple lines, a bit Grecian in effect; and at night, black always. At first they started calling her "Garbo's successor," but she promptly put a stop to that. Great as is her admiration for the Viking Voyager, she thinks there is small comparison between her and Miss Diana Wynyard.

Ethel Barrymore is another of her great admirations, and a friend of London days. Now, after working with the full geniusy trio of Barrymores in Hollywood, she believes them truly the world's most glamorous family. "They really are theatre," she puts it. "Witty, colorful, talented—superb." And the Barrymores, in turn, have put the seal of their august approval on the young lady whose name is pronounced Dynanna Win-yerd—and which you'll be speaking a great deal in the months to come!

Looking Them Over

(Continued from page 68)

a tremendous "comeback" on the screen that will see him at the top of the heap again!

HOWARD HUGHES, now that he is back in Hollywood again, is seeing a lot of his old flame, Lilian Bond. But that doesn't mean that the youthful ex-billionaire (Hollywood is convinced he is down to his last million) hasn't had a few evenings to devote to Marian Marsh.

IT'S cold turkey between Buddy Rogers and Mary Brian at the present moment. They say Buddy didn't relish all the competition, otherwise known as Dick Powell and Russell Gleason. And what's more, they say Mary just couldn't understand Buddy's "platonic" interest in another Hollywood girl.

LITTLE things which may, or may not interest you: Lina Basquette and Teddy Hayes have announced their intention of being re-married annually—going through a ceremony every wedding anniversary, each time in a different State. . . . Many

(Continued on page 82)

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These Movie Stars Went to College—Why?

(Continued from page 70)

scholastic education—but what a wealth of practical experience! Gloria Swanson, who has worn gowns more lavish than any the Four Hundred ever dreamed of, quit school after finishing the grades.

Joan Left School Early

JOAN CRAWFORD did not finish high school. The Four Marx Brothers, Richard Bennett, George Raft, Eddie Cantor, George M. Cohan, Lupe Velez, Clara Bow, Joe E. Brown, Barbara Stanwyck, Cary Grant, Buster Keaton, John Miljan, Jimmy Durante, Slim Summerville and Wallace Beery had very little schooling.

Marie Dressler has never spent a single day in school. She attributes her amazing scope of knowledge to the newspapers.

Hollywood is still young, energetic and defiant. It bows to only one caste system—that which is based on personal success. To the rest of the world, a Ph.D. or an LL.D. represents a magnificent goal, attained only by long years of arduous work. To Hollywood, a university degree means little or nothing. Could a Ph.D. have carried Marie Dressler to greater emotional heights than she reached in "Emma?"

Most directors will tell you, as they have told me, that of all the world's schools there is only one that prepares an actor for greatness. Jimmy Durante names it when he claims to be a graduate of the COLLEGE OF HARD KNOCKS. And it is true that Hollywood's greatest stars have been, and are, alumni of that same school.

These Have Diplomas

THESE players were graduated from college:

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Robert Armstrong...Univ. of Washington
Nils Asther.....Lunel Univ. (Sweden)
William Austin.....Reading Col. (Eng.)
Leslie Banks.....Oxford Univ. (Eng.)
Harry Bannister....Univ. of Michigan
Charles Bickford...Massachusetts Tech
Tala Birell.....Fürstin-Bismarck Col. (Austria)

John Mack Brown...Univ. of Alabama
Anthony Bushell...Oxford (England)
Charles Butterworth...Notre Dame
Bruce Cabot.....Univ. of the South
Leo Carrillo.....Loyola Univ. (Cal.)
Walter Catlett.....St. Ignatius' Col.
Paul Cavanagh.....Cambridge Univ. (England)

Lew Cody.....New Hampshire McGill College
Donald Cook.....Univ. of Oregon
Buster Crabbe.....Univ. of S. California
Andy Devine.....Arizona Teachers' Col.
Mary Doran.....Columbia Univ.
Irene Dunne.....Chicago Col. of Music
Leslie Fenton.....Ohio State Univ.
Ralph Forbes.....Denstone Col. (Eng.)
Earle Foxe.....Ohio State Univ.
Ralph Graves.....Case School of Applied Sciences

Oliver Hardy.....Univ. of Georgia
Weldon Heyburn...George Washington Univ.

Jack Holt.....Virginia Military Institute

Leslie Howard.....Dulwich Col. (Eng.)
Boris Karloff.....London Univ. (Eng.)
Tom Keene.....Carnegie Tech
Doris Kenyon.....Barnard College
Ivan Lebedeff.....Univ. of St. Petersburg (Russia)

John Davis Lodge...Harvard Univ.
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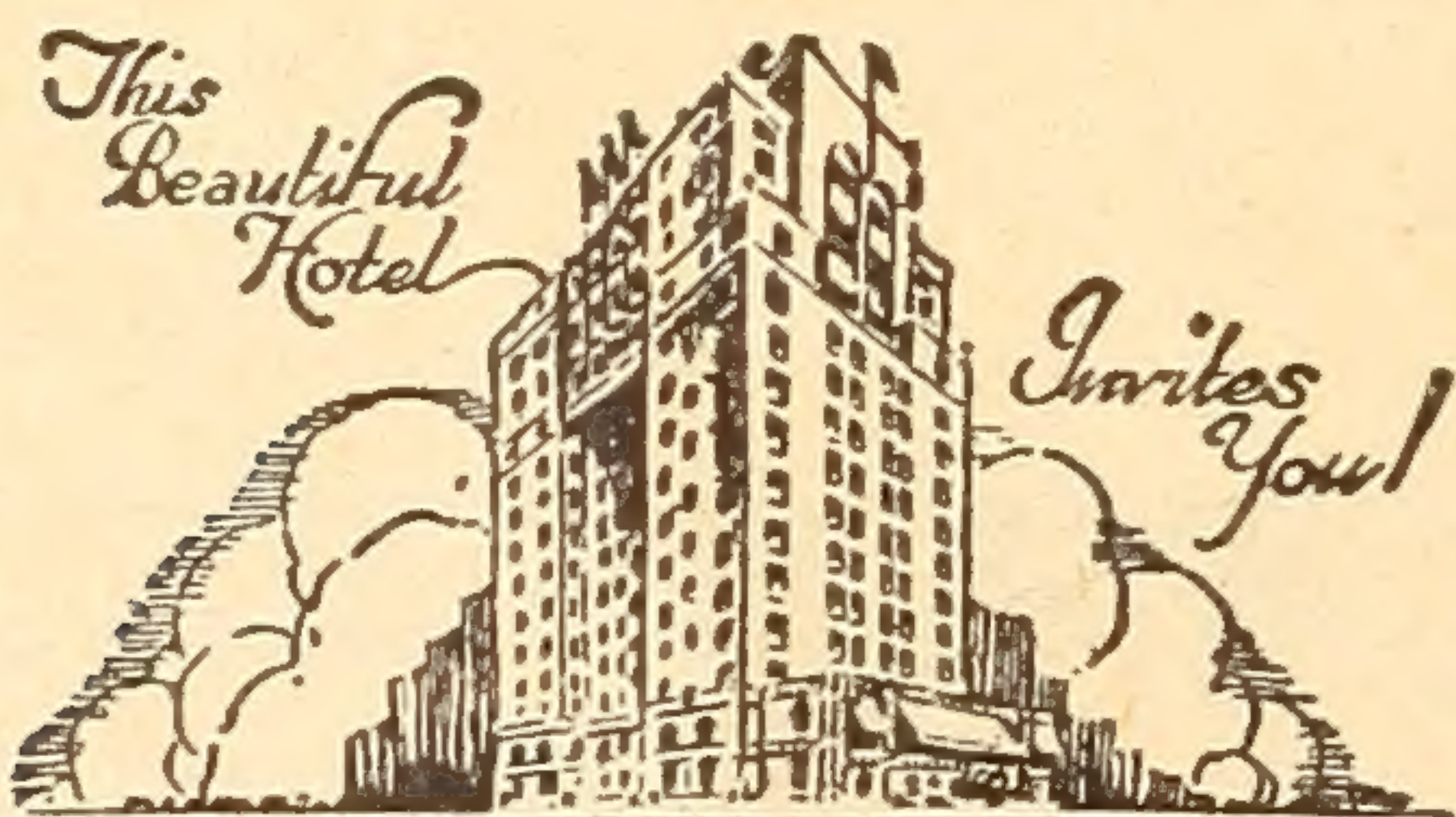
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These Movie Stars Went to College—Why?

(Continued from page 70)

Kenneth MacKenna . . . Columbia Univ.
Aline MacMahon . . . Barnard Col.
Fredric March . . . Univ. of Wisconsin
Herbert Marshall . . . St. Mary's Col. (Eng.)
Ken Maynard . . . Virginia Military Institute

Tim McCoy . . . St. Ignatius' Col.
Joel McCrea . . . Pomona Col.
Victor McLaglen . . . Christian Col. (South Africa)

Thomas Meighan . . . St. Mary's Univ. (Pittsburgh)

Adolphe Menjou . . . Cornell Univ.
Jose Mojica . . . National School of Agriculture (Mexico)

Frank Morgan . . . Cornell Univ.
Ralph Morgan . . . Columbia Univ.
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Ernie Nevers . . . Univ. of S. California
David Newell . . . Univ. of Missouri
Elliott Nugent . . . Ohio State Univ.
Irving Pichel . . . Harvard Univ.
Gregory Ratoff . . . Univ. of Moscow (Russia)

Edward G. Robinson . . . Columbia Univ.
Raoul Roulian . . . Escola Politecnica (Brazil)

Charles Starrett . . . Dartmouth Col.
Regis Toomey . . . Univ. of Pittsburgh
Roland Young . . . University Col. (England)

Bing Crosby . . . Gonzaga Univ.
Frances Dee . . . Univ. of Chicago
Donald Dillaway . . . Cornell Univ.
Richard Dix . . . Northwestern Univ.
Mary Duncan . . . Cornell Univ.
Helen Jerome Eddy . . . Univ. of California
Stuart Erwin . . . Univ. of California

Douglas Fairbanks, Sr. . . . Harvard Univ.
Charles Farrell . . . Boston Univ.
Norman Foster . . . Carnegie Tech
Noel Francis . . . Columbia Univ.
Richard (Skeets) Gallagher . . . Indiana Univ.

Russell Gleason . . . Univ. of California
Ruth Hall . . . Florida State Col.
Ann Harding . . . Bryn Mawr Col.
Katharine Hepburn . . . Bryn Mawr Col.
Russell Hopton . . . New York State Agricultural Col.

Phillips Holmes . . . Princeton Univ.
Edward Everett Horton . . . Columbia Univ.

Warren Hymer . . . Yale Univ.
Dorothy Jordan . . . Southwestern Univ.
Arline Judge . . . New Rochelle Col.
Evalyn Knapp . . . Univ. of Kansas
Allan Lane . . . Notre Dame Univ.
Charles Laughton . . . Stonyhurst Col. (Eng.)
Eric Linden . . . Columbia Univ.
David Manners . . . Toronto Univ.
Tully Marshall . . . Santa Clara Univ.
Karen Morley . . . Univ. of California
Ramon Novarro . . . Mascarones College (Mexico)

George O'Brien . . . Santa Clara Univ.
Pat O'Brien . . . Marquette Univ.
Buddy Rogers . . . Univ. of Kansas
Randolph Scott . . . Georgia Tech
Dorothy Sebastian . . . Univ. of Alabama
Marion Shockley . . . Univ. of Missouri
Gloria Stuart . . . Univ. of California
Lyle Talbot . . . Univ. of Nebraska
Lee Tracy . . . Union Col.
Spencer Tracy . . . Marquette Univ.
George Walsh . . . Georgetown Univ.
John Warburton . . . Oxford Univ. (Eng.)
John Wayne . . . Univ. of S. California
Johnny Weissmuller . . . Univ. of Chicago
Guinn Williams . . . Univ. of Texas
Edward Woods . . . Univ. of S. California

Ex-College Students

THESE players went to college, but did not graduate:

Richard Arlen . . . Univ. of Pennsylvania
Lew Ayres . . . Univ. of Arizona
George Bancroft . . . United States Naval Academy

Vincent Barnett . . . Carnegie Tech
Richard Barthelmess . . . Trinity College
Rex Bell . . . Northwestern Univ.
John Boles . . . Univ. of Texas
El Brendel . . . Univ. of Pennsylvania
Clive Brook . . . Dulwich Col. (Eng.)
George Brent . . . Dublin Univ. (Ireland)

James Cagney . . . Columbia Univ.
Joyce Compton . . . Tulsa Univ.
Gary Cooper . . . Grinnell Col.

Looking Them Over

(Continued from page 80)

studio executives and movie stars received charming Holiday greeting cards from President-elect Roosevelt—and were they thrilled? . . . A fortune-teller has predicted a break-up in the marriage of Joan Bennett and Gene Markey "sometime in 1933" and both Joan and Gene are peeved at the prophecy . . . Jean Harlow has as many pairs of white flannel trousers as has Marlene Dietrich, but Jean wears them only in the privacy of her home . . . Joan Crawford and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. will probably start the actual building on their new English home early in the Spring . . . Anita Page is one of the few girls in Hollywood who likes, or will wear, the color *orchid* . . . Constance Bennett has just "done over" her bedroom in French blue and gray—it's very, very grand . . . George Lewis, of the "Collegian" series fame, grows handsomer and handsomer; the movie executives must be asleep in not casting this young man opposite a player like Joan Crawford or Norma Shearer . . . Leslie Howard is the secret heart-throb of half of feminine Hollywood . . . Clark Gable is merely considered

"a nice boy" . . . James Cagney is considered by the professional people as one of the best "showmen" in town . . . Jack Warner enjoys the reputation of being the wittiest and most likable executive . . . Rochelle Hudson is stepping about with James Fidler, ex-hubby of Dorothy Lee . . . James also likes Ruth Hall, too.

ONE of the most underestimated actresses in Hollywood is Wynne Gibson. If you don't want to take our word for it, heed the words of a well-known executive at one of the big studios . . . not Paramount. "Had Wynne been built up by correct publicity and picture rôles . . . had she been given just half a chance . . . she would be Joan Crawford's nearest screen rival! But Wynne was allowed to slip into Hollywood as 'just another stage actress' without any particular campaign to sell her to the public. I wish I had her contract two years ago!"

P.S. The executive had just seen Wynne's portrayal of the street-walker in "If I Had a Million."

about **YOU?** shall men say "SHE IS LOVELY --- SO EXQUISITE!"

BY PATRICIA GORDON



The Music ends—softly. A momentary hush. A throng; but *you* seem mysteriously detached. It is your *moment*. Something portends. Born on the strange silence, a remark—about *you*. Some one says, "She *is* lovely!" No *conscious* flattery this—not meant to be overheard. And so, a *thrilling compliment*.

"So Lovely, so Exquisite!" How? Pretty clothes, daintiness, poise, chic? As *background*, yes. But as to these, men see *dimly*. Only women are *critical*. Men observe colorful cheeks, are entranced by luscious lips, thrilled by eyes brilliant and mysterious. Sh-h-h-h! make-up! Ah yes; but make-up so clever, so artistic that to masculine eyes it appears as *natural*.

Some Women Know—Some Do Not. How can it be otherwise than true? When a woman will tolerate *obvious* make-up, she simply *does not know* the glamorous beauty of *harmonized*

Princess Pat make-up. The rouge, for instance. Of the famous Duo-Tone blend. A mystery of radiant beauty so natural that its glowing color seems actually to come from within the skin. Powder of precious *almond base* (instead of chalky starch). Softer than any other powder; far more clinging. Powder to velvet any skin to smooth, aristocratic perfection. And lip rouge! So wonderfully natural, so smooth, so free of waxy substance. To color lips divinely, to be wholly indelible.

Each With The Other Harmonized. How different! Whatever Princess Pat rouge, powder and eye make-up shades you choose will invariably *harmonize*. A secret *color theme* invests Princess Pat make-up with this marvelous advantage. With *usual* make-up there is ever the risk of discordant shades; but *never* with Princess Pat.

Make-up To Go With Costume. Because *any* shade of Princess Pat rouge will match *your* skin, you may choose with the color of your *costume* in mind. Simply choose the more *intense* shades of rouge for strongly colored costumes, the softer rouge shades for softer costume colors. There are shades of Princess Pat rouge, fulfilling your every requirement for stunning, individualized make-up.

a MAKE-UP KIT for only 10c

● ● This famous Introductory Kit contains rouge and lip rouge to last two weeks to a month; also a purse size, metal box of Princess Pat face powder and a book of new copyrighted beauty secrets. The 10c is simply for postage and packing. An extraordinary offer; made to acquaint you with three delightful Princess Pat beauty aids.



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